

# THE LITERARY GAZETTE

AND  
Journal of the Belles Lettres, Arts, and Sciences.

No. 1793.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1851.

Price Threepence.  
Stamped Edition, Fourpence.

GUILD OF LITERATURE AND ART.  
HANOVER-SQUARE ROOMS.—The THIRD PERFORMANCE by the AMATEUR COMPANY of the GUILD OF LITERATURE and ART, in the Theatre constructed for the purpose, and first erected at Devonshire House, will take place at the Hanover-square Rooms on TUESDAY, June 3, when will be presented Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton's New Comedy, in Five Acts, entitled "NOT SO BAD AS WE SEEM; or, MANY SIDES TO A CHARACTER;" and the New Farce by Mr. Charles Dickens and Mr. Mark Lemon, called "Mr. NIGHTINGALE'S DIARY."—Tickets (all the seats being reserved), 10s. each, to be had of Mr. Mitchell, 33, Old Bond-street; Messrs. Ebers, 27, Old Bond-street; Mr. Hookham, 15, Old Bond-street; Mr. Andrews, Old Bond-street; Messrs. Chappell, 50, New Bond-street; Mr. Robert Olliver, 19, Old Bond-street; Mr. Sams, 1, St. James's-street; Messrs. Cramer and Beale, 201, Regent-street; Messrs. Smith and Elder, 63, Cornhill; and Messrs. Keith and Prowse, 48, Cheapside. Doors open at a quarter before 7; commence at exactly a quarter before 8.

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, 21, REGENT STREET. Notice is hereby given, that MR. HOSEA WATERER'S EXHIBITION OF AMERICAN PLANTS in the Garden of this Society, at Turnham Green, is now open Daily, from 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.

Fellows of the Society are admitted free. Tickets for other persons, available for every day except Sundays and the 6th and 7th of June, can be procured in the Society's Garden, price One Shilling each.

The purchase of such a ticket admits the bearer to the Garden without the order of a Fellow of the Society.

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.—NOTICE is hereby given that the SECOND EXHIBITION of FLOWERS and FRUIT, in the SOCIETY'S GARDEN, will take place on SATURDAY, June 7.

Tickets can be procured at this Office upon presenting the order of a Fellow, price 3s. each; or, on the day of the meeting, at Turnham Green, price 7s. 6d. each.

PRIVILEGE OF FELLOWS.—Each Fellow of the Society has free personal admission to these Exhibitions without a ticket. He may also personally introduce a friend with an Admission Ticket at half-past Twelve, at Gate No. 4 in the Duke of Devonshire's Road; or, if unable to attend personally, his wife or sister may represent him, provided she is herself furnished with an Admission Ticket to which his signature is attached. Similar privileges belong to Ladies who are Fellows of the Society.

Messieurs les étrangers qui désireront se procurer des billets d'admission pourront en obtenir des mandats en s'adressant à leur Ambassade ou à leur Consulat.

21, Regent Street, London.

BRITISH ASSOCIATION for the ADVANCEMENT of SCIENCE.—THE NEXT MEETING will be held at IPSWICH, under the Presidency of G. B. AIRY, Esq., M.A., D.C.L., F.R.S., Astronomer Royal; and will commence on WEDNESDAY the 2nd of July, 1851.

JOHN TAYLOR, F.R.S., General Treasurer,  
6, Queen Street Place, Upper Thames Street, London.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the Annual Examination for MATRICULATION in this University will commence on TUESDAY, the 1st of July.

The Certificate of age must be transmitted to the Registrar fourteen days before the Examination begins.

By order of the Senate,

Somerset House,  
26th May, 1851.  
R. W. ROTHAM, Registrar.

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—  
THE FORTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION is NOW OPEN, at their Gallery, 5, Pall Mall East, from Nine till Dusk. Admittance, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d.

GEORGE FRIPP, Secretary.

OFFICIAL CATALOGUES.—ADVERTISEMENTS will continue to be received for insertion in the Official Catalogues during the whole time the Exhibition remains open.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1851.

## REVIEWS.

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THERE is a universal disposition on the part of the public to admit that the supply of water to such a densely-packed metropolis as ours should be both abundant and cheap. There is also, we believe, a very general feeling, that notwithstanding the subject is one with which the Legislature may very properly interfere, yet as the advantages are local, so must be the burdens;—and that the obligation to furnish such a supply can never be made a national one. Besides the public there are other interests concerned in the 'Water Question,' such as the existing Water Companies and the Board of Health. Up to the beginning of last year, our vast community had gone on contentedly enough—washing expensively, cooking imperfectly, and drinking confidently of the streams supplied to it, in happy ignorance of Dr. Clark's soap-test, and of the revelations of the microscope. Nor was it by its fears alone that the public was to be worked upon; for the Board of Health adroitly enough put forth other evidence. M. Alexis Soyer was consulted as to the present reduced strength of soups and the attainable delicacy of fricandeaus, whilst the sympathies of the more numerous consumers of 'gossip-water' were enlisted by the prospect of saving the last spoonful of bohea which has been claimed immemorially on behalf of the teapot. In spite of hopes and fears, the sensation produced by the report of the Board of Health did not, we suspect, equal the expectations of its framers. Even the wide district doomed to the fourteen degrees of hardness of the New River waters hardly uttered an audible expression of complaint; and whilst individuals fully appreciated the social importance of the question, they were unwilling to lend themselves to any combination. For this apparent anomaly, we think, that the Board of Health is mainly answerable;—yet the report has not been without some useful results. We shall no longer think 'that rain-water is purest, next to it is fountain-water from flinty chalky grounds,' nor that 'the longer a river runneth it is commonly the purest.' These and other like popular fallacies have been exploded.

The work before us is more particularly directed to the inquiry,—whence an adequate supply of water may be obtained, and, as it seems to us, makes its appearance most opportunely. The Board of Health, by whom this subject was opened, had the advantage of stating its case, and suggesting its remedies. Its first proposal was to derive the London supply from the surface-drainage of certain sandy heath tracts in Surrey; but no sooner had its report to Parliament been made public, and the contrast between the ascertained purity of such waters and those of springs and streams been exhibited, than it directed fresh inquiries, and in the autumn of the same year took up with another and totally different source, as well as system, of supply. In whatever spirit the first report may have been received, any lingering confidence as to the ability of the Board to deal with the question must, we think, have been destroyed by its hasty adoption of the recommendations of Messrs. Rammill and Napier.

There were sounds of joy at more than one Board of Management as its consulting engineer pointed out the confused and contradictory statements or flippant speculations with which these curious specimens of the 'rambling style' of thought and diction were so replete. A Board is to be pitied when it is compromised by its *employées*; but still it should have been sufficiently clear-sighted to have seen the inconsistency of having recourse to springs and streams, when it had just before shown that such were most improper sources of supply. The practical objections to the last plans of the Board of Health are manifold; but call for the special criticism of the engineer rather than for ours.

With respect to the Water Companies the question now is, not so much one of quantity as of quality. The agitation of the subject has done much good also in these quarters. Some of the companies have ascertained that they can improve and increase their supplies, whilst the Board of Health has shown that much of the present supply is wasted. The position which the Board of Health has now taken, though a humble one as to its promises, is yet a more grasping and undisguised one as to its pretensions. It undertakes to furnish better water, if it is to be had,—and if not, to supply the same water that the companies now do. It seeks, in fact, to obtain the exclusive control of the water-supply of London. The original anxiety for power to interfere, when coupled with the confident promises of furnishing a much better supply, was certainly a much less questionable one than this last. To us there is something crooked and false in the proceeding which would produce impressions by one set of statements and promises, and then, on the strength of these, to seek for power to do something very different. Again, the legal unfairness of leading public opinion by *ex parte* statements and partial inquiries; the pompous parade of evidence produced in support of some scheme, as if the recommendations were based on evidence, when in truth the evidence has been dressed up to suit the proposed plan. The partial suppression of the opinions of some, the unfair use of those of others, are the varied forms which objections have taken, as to the manner in which blue-books have of late been got up; and the proceedings of the Boards from which they have emanated, in spite of great names, have at times partaken more of the practice and maxims of the race of Sampson Brass, than of men exercising high judicial functions.

It is somewhat refreshing and profitable to turn from the reports of the Board of Health on the Water Supply of London, against which such objections as these have very generally been urged, and contrast them with the impartial statements of evidence and clear summing up in which Mr. Prestwich always ventures his conclusions. His object is to show that the inquiry as to supply is by no means exhausted. He proposes a source which the Board of Health has not contemplated, and which, we may venture to add, it could not have suggested, for the simple reason, that all detail of facts was beyond its reach. The subject is a difficult one, and requiring not only the science of an accomplished geologist, but also that special practical knowledge which becomes the acquisition of a few only, and we could not name another whom we should consider equally well qualified by his previous labours to investigate the conditions of the problem to be solved. To

this may be added a character for conscientious accuracy and caution, qualities of primary importance when practical suggestions, as in this case, are based on inductive reasoning.

There was something maliciously provoking in the way in which we were first led out into the Surrey hills, and had there shown to us the waters collected from their clear heathy surfaces, as they lay sparkling in broad expanses over its breezy upland valleys, and having obtained a promise of these, to find them suddenly dashed from our lips. Was it because *greediness* is the proverbial sin of our great city, that the Board of Health thought it fitting to treat us after the fashion of Tantalus?

The work before us conducts us to very different sources of supply: the deepest Artesian well in London descends some 300 feet into the chalk and more than 500 from the surface; it does not, however, reach the middle portion of this vast formation. The supply is abundant, and the whole volume furnished by the numerous Artesians into the chalk must be very considerable. Still there are clear indications of the insufficiency of this source, as well as of those of the several superior water-bearing strata. The conditions which determine this point are all carefully discussed by Mr. Prestwich. Having so far cleared his way, he then proposes boldly to sink at once to depths of 1000 feet and upwards, and take his supply from the vast formations of siliceous sands which there underlie the chalk. This portion of Mr. Prestwich's book has been most thoughtfully worked out, and its careful study has produced confidence where we were much disposed to withhold it. As we trace downwards these subterranean courses, and become convinced of their dimensions, we look to ascertain their quality, and at length feel satisfied that in these deep regions we too have met with streams compared with which the brightest and purest on earth would seem to have some mixture with them.

Jutte l'acque che son di qua più monde  
Parrieno avere in sè mistura alcuna  
Verso di quella.

We think that Mr. Prestwich has established a strong case for supposing that waters such as these are to be obtained at such depths as he has indicated, and that the supply will compensate for the cost of seeking it. We concur with him in the opinion that they will be more truly 'Artesian wells' than most of these which now bear that name, and that in the London area they will flow over at a considerable height above the surface. But for the considerations on which all such inferences rest, we are unable to find space in the present limited notice, nor is it necessary that we should do so. The question of the Water-Supply of London is just now one of wide importance. It has recently come before the legislature in a shape under which it will be enabled to assume, at no distant day, the execution of the most extensive works and duties. It interests some as a political question, some as a social, some as a personal one. To all such as would have a safe guide on very many points where researches must fail, and vast expenditure be fruitless unless properly directed, we can recommend the varied, yet condensed mass of information which Mr. Prestwich has brought together on this subject. We hope that the practical effects of the work before us will be to induce some of the bodies now interested in procuring water, to make the experiment of a deep

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Artesian. The elements of the calculation as to risk and expense are now before us, and hold out every encouragement. That numerous class which most admires science when it can be reduced to practice, and whose first inquiry is always that of cost, will do well to begin with Appendix E of Mr. Prestwich's book, and read backwards.

From the relation which the government will be able to assume, both to existing Water-Companies and the public, should the provisions of the bill now before Parliament be adopted, it is clear that if the experiment of a deep Artesian is to be made, it ought to be made at once, ere we involve ourselves in blind legislation. Mr. Prestwich presents to us the conditions under which the sands below the chalk "would meet a delivery of 50,000,000 gallons daily in the central area of London." He has also calculated, by two processes, that the height to which such water would rise, might be as much as from 150 to 160 feet above the level of the Thames. If we take as our guide the cost of the Artesian well at Calais, we find it estimated that the deep-seated water-supply beneath London may be reached at a total cost of 3600*l.* These results are startling, but they have been most carefully worked out, and ought not, we think, to be regarded with indifference.

*Casa Guidi Windows.* A Poem. By Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Chapman & Hall. UNDER this somewhat eccentric title Mrs. Browning has given an elegant record of her own impression of the political events which have passed around her in Italy during the last three years, the Casa Guidi being her residence at Florence. The first part of the poem was written when the hopes of the world for the freedom of Italy were roused for a short space in 1848; the second part resumes the actual position of affairs in 1851. The poem has all the charm which might be expected from Mrs. Browning's fine and original perceptions and ardent style. The voice of the poetess sounds throughout in tones that cannot be mistaken; and many of its passages are dashed off with a fiery energy and a picturesque brevity which are almost Dantesque. It was with regret that we observed in the earlier portions frequent lapses into loose rhythm and unmusical rhyme, and the introduction of thoughts and modes of expression essentially prosaic, which have marred the beauty of many of Mrs. Browning's finest works. But as the poem advances these gradually disappear, and in the second part, written at an interval of three years, there is almost nothing to be wished away. This may, we trust, be accepted as an augury that Mrs. Browning has systematically adopted a chaster and severer style.

The poem is one which, to be thoroughly enjoyed, must be read continuously, and it is difficult to give an idea of its merits by quotation. But all will recognise the beauty of Mrs. Browning's treatment of the subject, which at present occupies three parts of everybody's thoughts:

"Just now, the world is busy: it has grown  
A Fair-going world. Imperial England draws  
The flowing ends of the earth, from Fez, Canton,  
Delhi and Stockholm, Athens and Madrid,  
The Russias and the vast Americas,  
As a queen gathers in her robes amid  
Her golden cincture,—isles, peninsulas,  
Capes, continents, far inland countries hid  
By jasper sands and hills of chrysopras,  
All trailing in their splendours through the door  
Of the new Crystal Palace. Every nation,  
To every other nation, strange of yore,  
Shall face to face give civic salutation,

And hold up in a proud right hand before  
That congress, the best work which she could fashion  
By her best means.—' These corals, will you please  
To match against your oaks? They grow as fast  
Within my wilderness of purple seas.'—  
• This diamond stared upon me as I passed  
(As a live god's eye from a marble frieze)  
Along a dark of diamonds. Is it classed?'—  
• I wove these stuffs so subtly, that the gold  
Swims to the surface of the silk, like cream,  
And curdles to fair patterns. Ye behold!'—  
• These delicate muslins rather seem  
Than be, you think? Nay, touch them and be bold,  
Though such veiled Chakhi's face in Hafiz's dream.'—  
• These carpets—you walk slow on them like kings,  
Inaudible like spirits, while your foot  
Dips deep in velvet roses and such things.'—  
Even Apollonius might command this flute.  
The music, winding through the stops, upsprings  
To make the player very rich. Compute.'—  
• Here's goblet-glass, to take in with your wine  
The very sun its grapes were ripened under.  
Drink light and juice together, and each fine.'—  
• This model of a steam-ship moves your wonder?  
You should behold it crushing down the brine,  
Like a blind Jove who feels his way with thunder.'—  
• Here's sculpture! Ah, we live too! Why not throw  
Our life into our marbles? Art has place  
For other artists after Angelo.'—  
• I tried to paint out here a natural face—  
For nature includes Raffael, as we know,  
Not Raffael nature. Will it help my case?'—  
• Methinks you will not match this steel of ours!"  
• Nor you this porcelain! One might think the clay  
Retained in it the larva of the flowers,  
They bud so, round the cup, the old spring way.'—  
• Nor you these carven woods, where birds in bower,  
With twisting snakes and climbing cupids play.'"

To us the following passage appears full of a high order of power, and of a kind different from what Mrs. Browning has previously shown:

"The least  
Dead for Italia, not in van has died,  
However vainly, ere life's struggle ceased,  
To mad dissimilar ends they swerved aside.  
Each grave her nationality has pieced  
By its own noble breadth, and fortified,  
And pinned it deeper to the soil. Forlorn  
Of thanks, be, therefore, no one of these graves!  
Not Hers,—who, at her husband's side, in scorn,  
Outfaced the whistling shot and hissing waves,  
Until she felt her little babe unborn,  
Recoil, within her, from the violent staves  
And bloodhounds of the world: at which her life  
Dropt inwards from her eyes, and followed it  
Beyond the hunters. Garibaldi's wife  
And child died so. And now the sea-weeds fit  
Her body like a proper shroud and coif,  
And murmurously the ebbing waters grit  
The little pebbles, while she lies interred  
In the sea-sand. Perhaps, ere dying thus,  
She looked up in his face which never stirred  
From its clenched anguish, as to make excuse  
For leaving him for his, if so she erred.  
Well he remembers that she could not choose.  
A memorable grave! Another is  
At Genoa, where a king may fitly lie,—  
Who bursting that heroic heart of his  
At lost Novara, that he could not die,  
Though thrice into the cannon's eyes for this  
He plunged his shuddering steed, and felt the sky  
Reel back between the fire-shocks; stripped away  
The ancestral ermine ere the smoke had cleared,  
And naked to the soul, that none might say  
His kingship covered what was base and bleared  
With treason, he went out an exile, yea,  
An exiled patriot! Let him be revered!  
Yea, verily, Charles Albert has died well;  
And if he lived not also, as one spoke,  
The sin pass softly with the passing bell.  
For he was shriven, I think, in canon smoke.  
And taking off his crown, made visible  
A hero's forehead. Shaking Austria's yoke,  
He shattered his own hand and heart. 'So best,'  
His last words were upon his lonely bed,—  
'I do not end like popes and dukes at least—  
Thank God for it.' And now that he is dead,  
Admitting it is proved and manifest  
That he was worthy, with a disrowned head,  
To measure heights with patriots, let them stand  
Beside the man in his Oporto shroud,  
And each vouchsafe to take him by the hand,  
And kiss him on the cheek, and say aloud,  
'Thou too hast suffered for our native land!  
My brother, thou art one of us. Be proud!'"

There is a music in the lyre that can give forth such tones as these, which is fitted to move men's hearts deeply. We cannot lay down this delightful volume without quoting its concluding lines, whose beauty it is to be regretted should have been marred by the unfortunate introduction of double rhymes in one passage, which breaks in upon the music of the verse like a harsh discord:

"The sun strikes, through the windows, up the floor:  
Stand out in it, my own young Florentine,

Not two years old, and let me see thee more!  
It grows along thy amber curls, to shine  
Brighter than elsewhere. Now look straight before,  
And fix thy brave blue English eyes on mine,  
And from thy soul, which fronts the future so,  
With unabashed and unabated gaze,  
Teach me to hope for, what the angels know,  
When they smile clear as thou dost. Down God's ways,  
With just alighted feet between the snow  
And snowdrops, where a little lamb may graze,  
Thou hast no fear, my lamb, about the road,  
Albeit in our vain-glory we assume  
That, less than we have, thou hast learnt of God.  
Stand-out, my blue-eyed prophet!—thou, to whom  
The earliest world-day light that ever flowed,  
Through Casa Guidi windows, chanced to come!  
Now shake the glittering nimbus of thy hair,  
And be God's witness;—that the elemental  
New springs of life are gushing everywhere,  
To cleanse the water-courses, and prevent all  
Concrete obstructions which infest the air!  
That earth's alive, and gentle or ungentle  
Motions within her, but signify growth:  
The ground swells greenest o'er the labouring moles,  
Howe'er the uneasy world is vexed and writh,  
Young children, lifted high on parent souls,  
Look round them, with a smile upon the mouth,  
And take for music every bell that tolls.  
Who said we should be better, if like these?  
And we—despond we for the future, though  
Posterity is smiling at our knees,  
Convicting us of folly? Let us go—  
We will trust God. The blank interstices  
Men take for ruins, He will build into,  
With pillared marbles rare, or knit across  
With generous arches, till the fane's complete.  
This world has no perdition, if some loss,  
Such cheer I gather from thy smiling, Sweet!  
The self-same cherub faces which emboss  
The rail, lean inward to the mercy-seat."

Long may such music as this come to us  
from Casa Guidi windows!

*Italy in 1848.* By L. Mariotti. 8vo.  
Chapman and Hall.

AN eminent English statesman is reported to have lately said that he is a Conservative in England and a Republican in Italy. It is no part of our duty as literary journalists to decide whether Conservatism be the best policy for England, or Republicanism the best form of government for Italy; but there is a sense in which we may without impropriety adopt the sentiment just alluded to. No sane person can hope to improve the condition of this country by any organic change in its constitution; no lover of real liberty can hope for the amelioration of the political condition of Italy while the Austrian rules at Milan, the Pope at Rome, and the present king of the Two Sicilies at Naples. The memorable struggle of the years 1848 and 1849, in which the Italians made a bold and vigorous effort to emancipate themselves from bondage, has not yet been properly appreciated in England. It is true the Italians failed; but their failure was not a disgraceful one. They showed more wisdom in council, and more courage in the field, than either their friends or their foes had given them credit for. The Italians in their fall may still point with enthusiasm to the victories of Goito and Peschiera in Lombardy, and to the heroic defence of Rome and Venice against the well-disciplined troops of France and Austria.

The drama of the Italian struggle for independence may be divided into three acts—the expulsion of the Austrians from Milan and the campaign of Charles Albert against Radetzky in Lombardy; the war of the Neapolitan king against his capital and the Sicilians; and the fall of the republics of Rome and Venice. Of these the first was the most important, and decided the fate of all the subsequent events. The defeat of the Piedmontese restored the Austrian rule in Lombardy; and it was therefore certain that all liberal institutions in other parts of Italy would be crushed, whenever the convenient time arrived.

The present work by the able writer, who assumes the name of Signor Mariotti, will not disappoint the expectations which his former writings have excited. Unfortunately it only comes down to the end of the first war between Sardinia and Austria; but it contains the best account which has yet appeared of that memorable campaign. The writer defends the cause of Charles Albert against the attacks of Mazzini and the republican party, and, we think, with success. The following remarks upon the annexation of Lombardy to the kingdom of Sardinia, which was one of the chief grievances of the republican party, deserve and will repay perusal:—

"We have—Heaven is our witness!—no interest in clearing Charles Albert's memory from hostile imputations; no desire to set up those poor members of the Lombard government as models of disinterested patriotism. The first outburst of genuine generosity may, in the king, have made way for the subsequent calculations of princely ambition: the hope of courtly favour and promotion, the thirst for orders, titles, and dignities, may have won over to Charles Albert the suffrages of the most selfish among those Milanese governors: we are the keepers of no man's conscience—but we contend that it was possible to be essentially and exclusively Italian, nay, more, to be an earnest, staunch democrat at heart, and yet to look upon that scheme of annexation as matter of immediate necessity—the very anchor of Italian salvation.

"There were men in Italy of a gloomy turn of mind, whom the experience of a long night of adversity would not allow to trust a first glimpse of prosperity—men who could not bring themselves to believe that Italian independence could be obtained on such easy terms; and who thought, besides, that had even Providence, as it were, thrown that inestimable bliss in our way, it behoved us, at least, to make sure of that union, which alone could give stability to independence itself.

"The annexation of the revolted States to Piedmont would either empower Sardinia to command new resources in the event of a protracted struggle, or would enable that government to form a strong compact state in the north of Italy, able to protect, not itself merely, but the whole of the Italian peninsula, from all outrage from abroad.

"Two were the dangers Italian nationality ever had, ever would have to apprehend,—foreign aggression, and intestine discord. It was deemed advisable that war with the foreigner should become the cement of domestic union; that union should be an end no less than a means.

"The want that made itself most perceptible in that din of conflicting passions was that of a steady and uniform government. Milan did not know how to enforce the allegiance of Brescia, not even with all the earnest mediation of the well-meaning Mazzini; the sway of Republican Venice was not acknowledged beyond the lagoon. Parma and Piacenza had gone asunder, Modena and Reggio were split into two states. We always contend that these divisions did not arise from municipal rancours, but from petty personal and local ambitions, consequent on the mean acts and paltry contrivances of the late governments. Still the divisions did exist; the provisional governments knew not how to heal them. No cry was, therefore, louder than that which called for the cessation of that provisional state. The very charges brought against the Milan government, the enumeration of their blunders, omissions, backslidings, downright treasons—if we are to admit the word—are as many irrefutable proofs of the crying evil of which Italy was seeking the remedy. 'Give us a strong hand,' was the cry, 'the hand of a true ruler and master, who may have power to hush up vain clamours and jealousies, who may burst our purse-strings—force open our stable-doors and granaries, take ourselves and our all, and make us perform our duty to our country, in our very spite.' Like a generous steed, a brave nation instinctively feels the want of a brave rider, no matter how much she

may seem to fret and kick against it. It is by the hand of a dictator alone—by the iron-rule of a master-mind, for a score of years at least—that Italy can hope to be regenerated and rescued. A fretful, noisy, jangling, wrangling southern race, capable of great achievements only under him who shall bring its energies under control, who shall break and tame it so as to prevent it from working its own ruin—from perpetuating its own misery.

"Mazzini knows it, and is the first to acknowledge that 'the leadership of a single prince would be accepted by all.' But he adds, 'where is he to be found? God alone creates genius.' A revolution alone has power to bring forth a Napoleon; give us the hero and we are willing to worship him. We need scarcely answer that 'the people' also, on whom all his faith rests, is not everywhere and at all times to be found, that it also must spring from the same ordeal, and that it is not much easier to convert a slavish rabble into a community of free men, than to make a hero and a liberator out of an ambitious and bigoted despot.

"Charles Albert, at all events, was not the man for the hour. In himself he was nothing; something worse than nothing. But he was the King of Sardinia,—the head, that is, of a strong, compact, unanimous community; of the only state in Italy whose transition from utter servitude to enlightened and national views had been attended with the least subversion of existing orders; whose domestic arrangements had been least interfered with—and which was, nevertheless, the most unconditionally, irretrievably committed to the great cause of the country.

"Perhaps there was error in the notion, but it was very generally conceived, that if Lombardy and the Duchies could be submitted to the same civil and military rule that had made Piedmont what it was, the resources of those revolutionised states could be rendered of immediate avail. Piedmontese generals and statesmen were used to command. Let their powers of organisation, such as they are, it was thought, bring something like rule and method into the chaos of the newly-emancipated communities."

We regret, however, to find that our author's opposition to Mazzini's extreme opinions has led him to speak of that eminent man in terms approaching to contempt. Whatever may be the errors of Mazzini, his disinterested patriotism ought to have protected him from such language as the following:—

"In was in this emergency [the capture of Milan by the Austrians] that Mazzini proclaimed, almost in a tone of exultation, that 'the royal war was at an end, and that of the people about to commence.'

"With that faith he took himself the field. 'The precious rifle, that sweet and elegant weapon, the munificence of some fair English enthusiasts had presented him with at the opening at the campaign, which he had with infinite trouble carried from London to Milan,' was at last drawn out of its 'cover of green baize.' His campaign was, however, none of the longest. He joined the band of Giacomo Medici on the morning of the 3rd of August, at Bergamo, marched under that distinguished leader from Bergamo to Monza, and hence back again to Como; altogether a distance of, perhaps, thirty or forty miles, carrying either his carbine or a stand of colours bearing his own device, 'God and the people,' exhibiting great fortitude under the hardships of a summer rain, parting with his cloak to a soldier less comfortably clad than himself, and stirring up, by word and example, the courage of his fellow-patriots for an engagement, which, it would seem, never took place."

The earlier chapters are to us the most interesting portion of the book. Signor Mariotti traces with a masterly hand the growth of the spirit of Italian nationality, and of the various steps by which most of the Italian princes had been compelled to yield to the wishes of their subjects by the close of 1847. The character of the different sove-

reigns of Italy is well portrayed. Take, for example, the account of Pope Pius IX.:—

"But, truly, it would have been difficult to conceive to what extent the well-assumed enthusiasm of the wily Italians for their new pope had imposed upon the whole world—Protestant no less than Catholic, hostile no less than friendly. The conceit of a reformer on the Vatican throne had something in it so novel and strange as to prove irresistible to the natural marvellousness of mankind! They 'believed because it was incredible.' It would be amusing at the present day, were the sequel not too melancholy, to inquire upon what ground rested the charge laid upon the Papedom, amongst others, by that deep Lord Bruegham, of its 'being the origin of all the European convulsions.' In Italy, at least, Pius IX. originated nothing. With all his silly vanity and imbecility, we do not think the poor pope could justly be charged with inconsistency, had he always been allowed to speak and act as he actually intended. The beginning and end of his offence was, simply, that amnesty of the 17th of July, which he suffered his people to clamour for for more than a month; which, imperfect and conditional as it was at first, was matter of sheer necessity, and which, we are informed, Pius only granted, after long solicitations, to a priest, by name Graziosi, his former tutor, 'whose death was a loss not to his patron merely, but to Rome and Italy.' That amnesty had, nevertheless, the effect of placing him in the hands of the pardoned,—that is, of the liberal party. His lips were scarcely opened to utter the first word of forgiveness, when the Italian movement—that movement, as we have seen, based on universal amnesty and reconciliation—took hold of him. It was, in fact, the pope himself, or the papacy, that was *amnestied*. He was whirled along—unconscious—reluctant. It is fearful to think to what extent he was, from his very accession, mystified and practised upon. Italy never received any boon from him that was not actually wrested from him. The men, whose office it was to watch him, were bewildered by the perpetual instability of his purposes. Rome, that head-quarters of intrigue, never presented a more insoluble riddle to the looker-on. In more than one instance, decrees and measures, most strenuously opposed by the pope, were, nevertheless, issued and carried through, as if bearing the sanction of his seal and signature. There were adroit men about him, who did not scruple to personify him—wilfully to misinterpret or falsify his words. Filippo de' Boni, a violent republican and foe to the pope, has given a circumstantial account of poor Pius's backslidings; which, notwithstanding a considerable amount of virulence, often bears the mark of irrefragable truth. The pope's mind, in more than one instance, broke through the magic ring of intrigue and falsehood that environed him; and then his admonition to the *Consulta* on the opening of its sessions on the 15th of November, 1847, 'that they should not fancy themselves the embryo of a future legislation;' his wrath at some wag from the crowd shouting out, 'Long live the constitutional pope!' and similar occurrences, without number, gave sufficient intimation of the pope's consciousness of having been dragged too far, and of his determination to go no farther."

The charges of the Italians against Austria are thus summed up:—

"'No charge,' sums up one of the friends of Austria, 'is preferred against the Austrian government to justify the hatred it excited, excepting its despotic nature.' That charge might have been deemed sufficient, but it was certainly not the most heinous. Not all the pedantry and pettiness of the irksome censorship of the press, not the hundred vexatious trammels on personal liberty, were half as galling to the Italian people as the *anti-national* character of the government: those swarms of German, Slavonian, and, above all, Tyrolean *employés*, daily brought to supersede native functionaries, 'the very judges often unacquainted with the language of the country, and discharging their office through in-

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terpreters'—a system of *denationalisation* which led to the aggravation of those two main evils for which Napoleon's rule had been held up to universal execration, the police and the conscription—the police acting in open defiance to all established juridical or constitutional forms; jealous, all-prying, hideous, and so much more harsh and arrogant at Milan and Venice than at Vienna, than in any of the provinces north of the Alps; spreading mistrust in the bosom of families, putting a check upon all domestic intercourse, giving the hearty and cheerful Lombard those habits of low cunning and dissimulation, which are too falsely deemed innate: and the military conscription, which in 1814 only bound the youths of the country to a three years' service, but which was subsequently extended to a period of eight and even fifteen years, with a view to wean the Italian soldiers from all domestic associations, by a protracted sojourn on the borders of Hungary and Transylvania, to secure their allegiance by long habits of discipline, and to prevent by unfrequent draughts the spread of martial spirit among too great a mass of the Italian people."

These extracts will give our readers a general idea of our author's views, and of the tone and spirit of this interesting work.

*A Lady's Journey round the World (Eine Frauenfahrt um die Welt.)* By Ida Pfeiffer.

Williams and Norgate.

THAT the love of novelty, variety, and excitement, will lead women into adventures of difficulty and danger from which a very large proportion of the sterner sex shrink, is no new phenomenon. We have examples enough in the multitude of contributions to the literature of travels from our own fair countrywomen, who of late years have furnished an equal, if not preponderating quota in this department. But yacht voyages, rides on horseback across continents, and such like achievements, fade into insignificance before the systematic and comprehensive doings of Madame Pfeiffer, whose desire of seeing the world was not to be contented with anything short of a journey all round it. Moreover, this journey, which we alluded to in mentioning the authoress's arrival in London a few weeks since, was not performed under the usual conditions of female travelling, for the lady made her way unattended and alone, without any special facilities, taking ship, steam, camel, caravan, or horse, as occasion served—in fact, almost in every respect *en homme*. The very coolness, however, and business-like spirit of the traveller, advantageous as it may have been in enabling her to 'get along' has had an influence by no means favourable on the relation of the journey, which has occasionally somewhat of a prosaic character. We now and then forget that there is anything remarkable at all about it, and as the lady proceeds to unfold her statistics and methodical observations on things in general, a feeling of weariness prevails. Madame Pfeiffer would have made an admirable *Professorin* of geography in the College of Tennyson's 'Princess.' A countrywoman's account of the lands she visited will probably be interesting to a large portion of the German public; but there is not very much in these volumes that would attract an English reader. The style is without remarkable characteristics, and little of the information is new to us who are so well provided with our own 'spies' in most parts of the globe. In the preface to a former work, the Journal of her travels in Iceland and Scandinavia, Madame Pfeiffer informed the reader of certain particulars of her private history. Always passion-

ately desirous of seeing foreign lands from her childhood, circumstances, and the cares of married life in particular, opposed the indulgence of the wish until a few years since, when, her two sons having arrived at man's estate, and herself having become a widow, she felt sufficiently free to begin her travels. She first tried her wings in an excursion to Palestine, and another to the extreme north of Europe, then, satisfied of her powers, and with unsated curiosity, she essayed a longer and more arduous flight. Leaving Vienna in May, 1846, she started for Brazil, whence 'rounding the Horn,' she visited Chili, Tahiti, China, Ceylon, Calcutta, Bombay, Muscat, and then passing up the Tigris, she turned round the east side of the Black Sea to make for Odessa, and crossing to Constantinople, arrived once more in Vienna in October, 1848. The volumes before us contain the conscientiously kept diary of this journey, which, as we have already noticed, is of a very matter-of-fact character, and except for certain touches here and there which betray the female minuteness of observation, might pass for the note-book of a gentleman traveller of unexcitable temperament and systematic habits.

As an example of Madame Pfeiffer's powers of description we will extract her account of an event a lady may be supposed peculiarly fitted to report on—namely, a ball at which she was present while sojourning in Tahiti:—

"On the 1st of May, I witnessed a most interesting scene. The saint's day of the French King, Louis Philippe, was celebrated, and the Governor, M. Bruat, made every effort to entertain the Tahitians. In the morning, the French sailors enacted a little sham fight on the water. Several boats were brought out, manned by skilful rowers, and at the bow of each boat was placed a kind of step or ladder, on which stood a combatant armed with a stick. The boats were steered very close together, and the combatants tried to throw one another from their standing places into the sea. A may-pole was also erected, at the top of which fluttered coloured shirts, ribbands, and other articles of finery, the prizes of those who could fetch them down. At noon the chiefs and other important personages among the natives were feasted. Salt meat, bacon, bread, roast pork, fruits, &c., were piled up in heaps on the lawn in front of the Governor's house; but the guests did not seat themselves around these as might have been expected; the chiefs divided everything into portions, and each person carried his share home. In the evening there were fireworks and a ball. This ball was one of the most interesting things I met with. I here saw the most abrupt contrasts between art and nature—elegant French ladies beside coarse, brown, native women; staff officers in full uniform among half-naked Indians. Many of the natives, indeed, wore for this occasion wide white trowsers and a shirt over them; but others had no further garment than the *páro* and the short shirt. I this evening saw Queen Pomare for the first time. She is a woman of six-and-thirty, of large and coarse figure, but still in her prime—I found generally that women do not so soon be, come *passée* here as in other hot climates. Her face is not bad, and an extremely good-natured expression played about the mouth and chin. She was dressed in a gown, or rather a kind of blouse, of sky-blue satin, which had a double border of expensive black blonde. In her ears she wore large jasmine-blossoms, in her hair a wreath of flowers; in her hand she carried, very elegantly, a lace pocket-handkerchief beautifully worked. For this evening she had confined her feet in shoes and stockings (usually going barefoot). The complete dress was a gift from the King of the French.

"The Queen's husband, younger than herself, is the handsomest man in Tahiti. The French jokingly call him, 'Prince Albert of Tahiti,' not merely on account of his good looks, but also be-

cause, like Prince Albert of England, he is not called king, but only the 'husband of the queen.' He was dressed in the uniform of a French general, which suited him very well, the more so that he knew how to deport himself in it; only his feet were not to be looked at, being very coarse and ugly.

"There was more royalty in the company besides these two high personages, namely, King Otoome, lord of one of the neighbouring islands. His appearance was most comical; over very broad but short pantaloons, he wore a coat of sulphur-coloured calico, which certainly was not the handywork of any Parisian artist; it was a complete pattern-card of misfits. This king went barefooted. The Queen's *dames de compagnie*, four in number, and the wives and daughters of the chiefs, were mostly dressed in white muslin blouses. They also had flowers in their ears and wreaths in their hair. Their demeanour and behaviour were in general wonderfully good; nay, three of the young ladies danced French quadrilles with the officers, without erring in the figures. Only I was constantly in fear for their feet, for none besides the royal pair wore shoes or stockings.—A few old married women appeared in European bonnets. Young matrons brought their children with them, even their infants. Before supper the Queen withdrew into another apartment to smoke a cigar, her husband meanwhile killing time with a game at billiards.

"At supper I found myself between Prince Albert of Tahiti and the canary-coloured King Otoome; both were sufficiently advanced in their education to show me the usual attentions of the table, to fill my glass with water or wine, to hand me dishes, &c., and it was evident they took as much pains as possible to master European manners. Nevertheless, some of the guests forgot their parts now and then; thus the Queen, for instance, asked for a second plate, which she heaped with sweet-meats, and put aside to carry home with her. Others it was necessary to restrain from devoting themselves too fondly to the champagne; but, on the whole, the entertainment came to an end with great gaiety and propriety."

We may remark in passing, that Madame Pfeiffer does not give a very favourable account of the influence of French civilization upon the manners of the Tahitans. Among the most indolent of human beings, dwelling in a natural garden, intercourse with more polished nations seems merely to impart to them the educated vices of idleness without the self-restraint resulting from true culture.

The following passage, from her adventures in China, illustrates the cool fearlessness with which our traveller is endowed:—

"Some days after I found an opportunity of proceeding to Canton, and this in a small Chinese junk. M. Pastau, a merchant residing here (Victoria, Hong Kong), who had received me in a very friendly manner, strongly advised me not to trust myself all alone among the Chinese, and thought I should either hire a private boat or take a place in the steamer; but these plans were too expensive for my limited means, since a place in the steamer or a hired boat would have cost twelve dollars, while the fare by the junk was only three. And I must own the appearance and behaviour of the Chinese did not inspire me with the least fear. I put my pistols in order, and went quietly on board the boat on the evening of July the 12th. Violent rain and approaching darkness soon drove me to seek the cabin of the vessel, where I amused myself by observing my Chinese fellow-travellers. The company was certainly not select; but they behaved very decently, so that I could remain without annoyance among them. Some played at dominoes, while others extracted most piteous sounds out of a kind of mandoline with three strings. The generality were smoking, gossiping, and drinking tea without sugar from little saucers, and I was invited on all sides to partake of this nectar! No Chinese, rich or poor, drinks pure water or spirituous liquor, but all take weak, unsweetened tea. Late in the evening I betook myself to my

own cabin, the roof of which was not quite watertight, and let through unwelcome messengers of rain. I no sooner told the captain of this than he at once pointed me out another place. There I found myself in company with two Chinese women, who were earnestly engaged with their tobacco pipes. These pipes were not much larger than a thimble, and required to be filled every four or five puffs. My neighbours soon remarked that I had no head-stool with me; they offered me one of theirs, and would not desist from pressing till I accepted it. In China they do not use pillows, but little stools made of bamboo or very strong pasteboard, eight inches high and from one to three feet long, rounded at the top, but not cushioned. They are not so unpleasant to lie upon as might be imagined.

"Entrance to, and residence in, the factories of Canton have been allowed for the last few years to us European ladies; I, therefore, did not hesitate about leaving the boat, only it was first necessary to consider how I should find my way to the house of M. Agassiz, to whom I had been directed. As I could not speak a word of Chinese, I was compelled to have recourse to signs. I made my captain understand that I had no money with me, and that he must, therefore, conduct me to the factory, where I would pay him. He soon comprehended me, and brought me thither; the Europeans residing there showed me the house, and then I was in safety. When M. Agassiz saw me come in, and learned how I had travelled, and that I had walked from the boat to his house, he was much astonished, and would scarcely believe that I had accomplished my trip uninjured and without interruption. I now first became aware how hazardous it had been for me, a woman, to have walked through the streets of Canton alone with a Chinese guide. Such a thing had never been done before, and M. Agassiz told me I must thank my especial good fortune that I had not been insulted, and even stoned by the people. If I had been, my guide would have taken to flight and left me to my fate. I had noticed in my way from the factory that old and young looked and called out after me, pointed at me, and that the people ran out of the shops, and by degrees formed a crowd following me. To make the best of a bad bargain, I walked on fearlessly, and perhaps nothing happened to me from the very reason that I showed no alarm."

Since the last war with the English, Europeans more than ever avoid showing themselves to the Chinese. The hate is still stronger towards women, from the fact that the Chinese have a prophecy, that the Celestial empire will some day be conquered by a woman."

In like manner, the adventurous traveller accomplished her journeys through the deserts of Asia Minor. Trusting to her own self-reliance and presence of mind, she was days and weeks alone with the Arabs, travelling in their manner, and content, like them, with bread and water, or now and then a handful of dates or a gourd.

After all, the simplicity of the narrative, to which we have twice adverted, may, for many reasons, be considered as a merit. Madame Pfeiffer relates plainly all that happened to her, avoiding artificial embellishment; and certainly we must admit the disclaimer she puts in of being induced by vanity to the publication of her travels. The extent of her journey affords warrant of variety of subject-matter in these three little volumes. To those who are desirous of knowing how a lady passed through all the risks and dangers of such an undertaking, we may promise, that if they cannot get a 'sensation' out of her straightforward journal, they will at least close its pages, as we have done, with a high opinion both of the courage and the intelligence of their authoress.

A translation of Madame Pfeiffer's travels would prove a very acceptable subject for one of the popular series of shilling volumes.

*Stuart of Dunleath. A Story of Modern Times.* By the Hon. Mrs. Norton. 3 vols. Colburn.

THE contrast between genius and talent, between real innate power and cleverness, is strikingly evinced in the tale before us. If Mrs. Norton had sketched out her plot and afterwards lost it, as Archdeacon Hale lost his sermon a few days since, and if by some chance it had become the lawful property of one of our mechanical novelists, what a different book we should have had! But it is the peculiar prerogative of genius so to develop all that is beautiful or repulsive in our common humanity, that the personations of the fancy become even better known to us than acquaintances with whom we are in the habit of daily intercourse. Remarkably is this the case with 'Stuart of Dunleath'; we are brought into thorough familiarity with a variety of characters, and the plot is so skilfully developed that our interest is sustained throughout. Humour and pathos, exquisite sentiment, and most poetical suggestions, fine descriptions of nature, and occasionally even profound remarks, are to be met with in its pages.

Sir Stephen Penrhyn, with his brutality, his rough bear-like affections, and coarse-grained nature, is well portrayed; so, too, is the character of his sister—the tall, bony Amazon, with her hard visage and still harder heart—so fierce in her unnatural womanhood that even her brother is afraid of her. Then we have Tib Christison, a single young lady of forty-five, whose thoughts are on matrimony intent, and who lays siege to the old gouty Earl of Peebles, and marries him spite of all gainsayers.

But Tib was in no hurry to bring about this crowning event; very leisurely and surely did she go to work. "She wooed him with knitted flannels and caressed him with rheumatic embrocations. He could not do without her. She was wary of landing her fish, but she felt he was hooked. Feebler and less capable of resistance he became day by day, as she wound the line of determination round the creel of her will." So the Earl is caught at last, and Tib is "a very goddess of old maids," and deserves to be worshipped. Of all disagreeable people to live with, Tib must have been the worst; "she read faces, and she read nothing else." There was none of "the milk of human kindness" in Tib's breast. If she could do harm, or sow dissension, or raise scandal, she would make a point of it. Tib went to church, but she knew nothing about charity; she said her prayers, but they had no wings by which to ascend heavenward. But Tib is a countess, and what cares she for anything else? Truly, Tabitha, thou art drawn from the life! And so also is Lady Margaret, the warm, genial, loving, cheery Margaret, beautiful as far as regards the "bright, light, outer shell," and very beautiful indeed in soul, with "a heart as pure as a mountain river," and a nature fresh and simple as the flowers of spring. But we must not linger over the subordinate characters; the heroine and the hero claim our chief attention.

We will not, however, mar the pleasure of our readers by detailing too much of the plot, and to avoid this we shall confine our attention to the earlier portion of the novel, when Eleanor is young, and David Stuart is her guardian and tutor.

Sir John Raymond, Eleanor's father, was homeward bound from India when he died; in his last letter to his wife, a helpless, feeble-

minded woman, he mentioned Stuart with great affection, and appointed him his executor. The poor lady, inert from this sudden blow, is glad to throw all responsibility upon David. He is domesticated at Aspendale, and undertakes the education of the child, "a pale, tranquil creature, with slight limbs, and bright, spiritual eyes, full of that peculiar expression, at once wild, shy, and gentle, which the French denominate *fauve*, with a general air of feebleness and languor, redeemed by a look of thought and intellect in the straight fine forehead, and a certain degree of pride in the small melancholy mouth." A happy time it is for Eleanor, when, no longer solitary, she pursues her lessons under David's care, and becomes his daily and constant companion. After a while Lieutenant Marsden—our heroine's half-brother—returns from abroad, and causes a great change in the household. For Godfrey "was clothed (under his lieutenant's uniform) in a perfect panoply of self-satisfaction. If he set himself up as a judge of all other men, it was that he was better than all other men, and he knew it." So he interfered with David and interfered with Eleanor; he cross-questioned the former about Sir John Raymond's affairs, and scolded the latter incessantly; "sometimes for being too shy, sometimes for being too bold; sometimes for being indolent, sometimes for romping; twice till she wept, for not knowing the sense of some erudite Scriptural quotation; once for the involuntary error of being too tall for her age. David Stuart thought Lady Raymond's son perfectly insufferable. Lady Raymond began to fear her little daughter would require a very strict governess indeed." Poor Eleanor caught cold and a fever in consequence (her brother said) of visiting some poor cottages. She became worse, and—

"David Stuart was very near adding to his growing experience of a child's perfections, the experience (never to be forgotten by those who have witnessed it) of the beauty, the touching beauty, of a child's death-bed scene—its undoubting piety—its patience under pain—its tender farewells to all friends on earth—its loving trust to meet all in heaven—its meek apologies for trouble given—its simple, fervent, eloquent prayers. Ah! who that has once seen these things can forget them, or fail to remember also the text which affirms of children, that their angels do always behold the face of the Almighty in glory?"

"It pleased God in this instance to spare the life of the child! perhaps for the after-trial of the man. While it lay ill, David Stuart watched and prayed all day and all night. For ten nights of suffering and delirium, followed by utter prostration of strength, he never left his little charge. He wrote words of comfort and encouragement to her terrified and drooping mother, which were fumigated and forwarded from one room to another by Godfrey; who in spite of the doctor's opinion, persisted that there was a risk of infection, which he would not permit Lady Raymond to run—useless as she must be in the sick-room from her own feeble condition of health.

"Meanwhile Eleanor's guardian scarcely touched food; and he was himself amazed at the anguish with which he thought of the possible death of this fragile, tender-hearted child. She did not die—she recovered; she said to him:

"I shall never hear the sound of a person writing—the sound of the pen passing over the paper, without pleasure. When I was too weak to speak, or even to open my eyes, I heard you writing; I knew there was some one in the room who loved me, and was taking care of me. Dear Guardie, when my head was confused, I thought you were my good angel, and were writing in a book all I had done to offend God, and that then you prayed it might not be reckoned against me."

That was a dream; but you did pray for me, very often; I saw you kneeling and praying for me. Oh! I am so glad to be spared! Pray for me now, that I may make good use of life!' With tearful eyes, and the small white hand folded in his own, David knelt and prayed; and the pale child whispered Amen."

Take another scene. Eleanor is older now, and David Stuart, who has hitherto been her friend, tutor, and brother, all in one, is becoming something more:—

"She wept when her guardian was gone, and went to take a solitary musing walk down the lime avenue, haunted by disturbed fancies, half sweet and half bitter. The day when she was a little child came back to her; she saw her former self wandering alone in the sunny garden, chasing the butterflies, and listening to the clear song of the birds above her head, yearning for some little companion to play with and talk to. Then the first pleasant walks with her guardian recurred to memory. The gentle kindness of his explanations; his smile of amused delight at her answers; his curiosity to know what she thought and understood. The expression of his countenance at other times, intently reading, undisturbed by, and unconscious of her approach, or noticing it as little as the fluttering of a bird's wing, or the dancing of a bough in the breeze. Then his image would suddenly present itself, waiting for her at the opening of the lime avenue, tired of studious contemplation, calling her to come back, and rove through the forest glade to the rocks by the roaring linn. His tall slight figure seemed to stand under the arch of those meeting branches, the half-closed book in his hand, his brows knit, that his dazzled eyes might distinguish, among the flowers and sunshine, the white frock and blue sash of his little ward. Then the pleasant wanderings in more recent days, the sound of the doves murmuring in the wood; the springing away of the startled deer in the open park in their long evening rides, when David Stuart would describe Dunleath, or speak of his father in a voice which faltered in its tone."

Poor Eleanor is in love, thoroughly, irrevocably in love, and Stuart becomes the victim also of a deep and lasting passion. But it is not love alone which occupies David. Dark and troubled thoughts and anxious fears are hanging over him; 'coming events cast their shadows before,' and an error into which he has been fatally led will ere long demand of him a most terrible atonement. We have said thus much that our readers may more easily understand the following extract. Eleanor is now seventeen years of age, and has had an offer, subject, of course, to her guardian's approval. He sends for her to speak with him in the library. After some preliminary words of explanation, Eleanor, 'like many persons in great agitation,' tried to assume a playfulness of manner:—

"I must refuse him, Guard, nevertheless," said she. There was a Shakespeare lying on the table; she drew it towards her. "I must refuse him like *Olivia*, and for *Olivia's* reasons: I have heard you read them very often."

"David remembered the lines: they floated mechanically through his brain, as his haggard eyes rested on the graceful hand that touched the book.

"Your lord does know my mind; I cannot love him! Yet I suppose him virtuous; know him noble; Of great estate; of fresh and stainless youth; In voices well divulged; free, learned, and valiant; And in dimensions and the shape of nature, A gracious person—but yet I cannot love him. He might have took his answer long ago."

"David sighed heavily.

"'You do not wish to marry this man, Eleanor?'

"'I cannot love him. I could not love him even if—'

"'If what?'

"'If I had seen no one that I preferred,' said Eleanor, with desperate courage, courage that was needed; for this time her guardian positively started. He struggled, however, for composure.

"'You love some one else?' said he; and Eleanor waited, her head feeling dizzy, and her hands cold, for the next question—who she loved. But David did not ask who. He breathed hard, and closed his eyes for an instant, struggling with some inward agony. Then he spoke, in much the same voice as before.

"'Is he rich?'

"The question was unexpected, but Eleanor tried to turn it to account in the way of explanation. She answered, in a low nervous tone, 'No; he has no more than my father bequeathed to you.'

"All calmness of manner forsook her guardian.

"'Eleanor,' said he, wildly, 'do not speak to me of your father; speak of what is before us; this man—this marriage—this letter; you cannot marry a poor man; it is my duty—it is your mother's wish—I sent for you to say—' here he suddenly paused, and flinging his arms forward on the table, he laid his head on them and groaned aloud. Eleanor rose from her seat and crept to his side, trembling in every limb.

"'I love another,' said she, 'with my whole heart and soul. That being so, you cannot expect me to marry Sir Stephen Penrhyn. I have no desire to be richer than I am; I am rich enough for both.'

"'Is it Lord Edgar?'

"'No, oh! no. How can you think me capable of such a miserable choice? I that have been your companion so long!'

"'Then name him, Eleanor; have compassion on me, lest I go mad—lest I go mad before I know what is to become of you, unhappy child! I only ask you to name him—I can then advise—we shall know what is possible—Eleanor, my little Nell, name him!'

"He drew her towards him, with a forced and painful smile, which vainly contrasted with the haggard anxiety of his eyes; he spoke as he used to speak to her when she was a little child; he smoothed her hair as he did in those days, caressingly. There was something strange, something terrible in his manner; its forced gentleness and patience; its smothered wildness and pain. Eleanor stared helplessly in his face; she yielded to the force of his trembling grasp, and bowed forward. Her hand leaned for support on his shoulder; she bent, till her checked and uneven respiration came warm on his bloodless cheek. She strove to speak, but found no utterance. 'Whisper it, Eleanor,' said he; and he turned his head away, as if to make it easier to the embarrassed girl to make her confession, still with the manner he had to her in years gone by. And Eleanor tried to obey, but no sound came; no sound but the pendulum of the clock, and the loud, strong beating of that man's agitated heart, as he listened and waited for her words. She heard that: it seemed to strike on her very soul with a vibrating strength; her own strength failed, and she fainted."

We have, we trust, said enough, and quoted enough, to interest those of our readers who have not yet read Mrs. Norton's novel. 'The thread' of its pages 'is rather a mingled yarn'; but the darker as well as the more genial portions of the narrative are replete alike with power, originality, and beauty.

#### *Exeter Hall Lectures to Young Men, 1850-51.*

##### Nisbets.

GIBBON, in his delightful fragment of autobiography, speaks with high praise of the method of instruction by public lectures. "Attention," he says, "is fixed by the presence, the voice, and the occasional gesture of the teacher; the most idle will carry something away, and the more diligent will compare the instruction which they hear in the school with the volumes which they peruse in their chamber." The young men of London have advantages in this respect, unknown to their predecessors. Not to speak of

the classes at University and King's Colleges, there are now lectures delivered in every district of the metropolis, and to all classes of society, in connexion with the literary and scientific institutions, Whittington club, mechanies' halls, and other places of evening resort. To those whose time and means of study are limited, the privilege is great of listening to condensed and arranged instruction on subjects with which lecturers are familiar. For young men willing to embrace such opportunities of improvement, the earlier closing of shops and places of business would be a great boon, and it is mainly in connexion with evening lectures that such arrangements are advocated. The dense audience at most of the lectures testifies to their being duly appreciated by the class for whom they are designed. Not satisfied, however, with the ordinary courses of subjects, a desire was felt by many to unite higher moral and religious topics with matters of intellectual culture or amusement. For several seasons lectures with this design have been delivered in the great room of Exeter Hall, under the auspices of "The Christian Young Men's Association." The object of this association is the very laudable one of "improving the spiritual and mental condition of young men." Some of their regulations are rather absurd, as where eligibility to membership depends on the candidate "giving decided evidence of conversion." For young men judicially to decide this is somewhat assuming, and is likely to cause much that is evil both in the judges and the judged. But in the planning and general carrying out of the delivery of public lectures, the council of the society have acted with good sense. The publication of the lectures enables us to know the nature of the entertainment provided, and to form some estimate of the value of the instruction communicated. The secretary of the association informs us, in the preface of the present volume, that 120,000 copies of single lectures of the last course were sold. We do not consider that this represents 10,000 volumes of the series, as is hinted in pious exaggeration, because hundreds of Mr. Binney's admirable sketch of Fowell Buxton's life and character were, or deserved to be, sold for scores of some of the inferior numbers. Still, the circulation is so great as to be a fact noteworthy in the literature of the day, and deserving from us passing notice.

The contents of the present volume are very various, and the merit very unequal. Most of the lecturers are known as popular preachers or platform speakers, but the qualifications for public instruction are of a different kind. The association, if they do not retain control over the selection of subjects, ought to exercise greater discrimination in the choice of lecturers. One of the lectures, given by a Doctor of Divinity, is entitled "God in Science." The object is to show divine contrivance and arrangement, from scientific discoveries and observations. In it we find such passages as the following:—

"There is a gas emitted from decaying matter and from stagnant marshes all over the face of the earth, most deadly, if breathed, called hydrogen gas. Now the question is, how do we get rid of this deadly pernicious hydrogen, generated by decaying matter over the whole surface of the earth? By a series of lucky accidents, as the atheist would say; by a wise and beautiful arrangement, as the Christian would say. For this hydrogen gas happens to be much lighter than the air we breathe. The instant it is generated, up it shoots past man into the loftier regions of the air, so that it is

scarcely possible for him to breathe it before it has gone past him!"

The author then proceeds to explain how the deadly gas which has shot up into the upper regions of the air is got rid of, so as "to prevent its ultimately coming down."

"By a very lucky accident, as it is said, in the upper regions of the air, oxygen is most abundant. It also happens that this hydrogen, which would be so deadly to man if he were to breathe it, combines with oxygen, and forms water. But then, in order to make it combine, there is needed intense pressure. By another lucky accident, there is a thing called electricity or magnetism. This electricity, when it passes from cloud to cloud, exerts a tremendous pressure, and drives the hydrogen which has escaped from the earth close upon the oxygen which prevails in the upper regions, and they combine to form water!"

Only think of such statements being listened to, *arrectis auribus*, by an audience of from three to four thousand! The good man, no doubt, said what he thought, or what he found in some old book, but how great the presumption of instructing others on matters of which he was so ignorant, and how unkind of the committee to publish the lecture, in spite of the appended note of some intelligent listener, who warned them of the errors it contained! Of the other lectures, several would have been very good as pulpit discourses, but are not suitable for the occasion. One or two seem to have little more than the oddness of the subject to commend them. The names of these we refrain from giving, but we refer to the following subjects as specially appropriate, and handled in a way worthy of the high reputation of the authors:—'The Instincts of Industry,' by the Rev. Samuel Martin; 'Life in London,' by the Hon. and Rev. M. Villiers; and 'Heroes,' by the Rev. W. Arthur. The concluding lecture, on 'The Authority and Inspiration of the Holy Scriptures,' by Dr. Candlish of Edinburgh, is eloquent and able, but much of it above the audience, few of whom had probably heard of the speculation of the rationalists which he criticised. The most complete of the whole series is on 'India and its Evangelization,' by Dr. Duff, of Calcutta, who gave an historical sketch of the entrance and progress of the Christian religion, and stated the successive results of its influence upon the customs, civilization, and laws of the east. Dr. Duff took the opportunity of referring to the letters by 'an Old Indian,' in *The Times*, depreciatory of the missionary efforts, and met them by a variety of facts and statistics of much interest and importance. The old Indian, he said, had left the country twenty-five years ago, and when there, had paid little heed to the subjects on which he now spoke oracularly. The closing appeal in behalf of India is a fine burst of earnest enthusiasm.

We cannot conclude without expressing our regret that these lectures are not turned to more profitable account. The largest public audiences of the metropolis assemble on these occasions. There are men high both in literature and science, and whose talents are consecrated by religion, whose aid would raise the style of instruction, and better promote the object of the meetings. The committee seem to think that the Christian aim of the lectures is sufficiently secured if delivered by those who have clerical prefixes or ecclesiastical titles. Faraday himself would probably be less acceptable than the Doctor of Divinity whose discourse on science is con-

tained in this volume. There may be some men of judgment in the direction of the society on whom these hints may not be thrown away, in arranging for the course of next year.

*Lettres de Londres. Courriers de Londres, &c.*  
Paris.

[Second Notice.]

THE "own correspondents" of the principal Paris newspapers, who have been sent over to give an account of the Exhibition, are still among us, and still continue to comment most amusingly on our manners and customs.

In the "fourth letter" to the *Patrie* of M. Jules de Prémarey, we find the following:—

"In coming to London, I was in hopes of being able to say the contrary of all that has been said about the English people: with what joy I thought I should declare that, contrary to the general belief, the English people are the merriest and most polite of the universe, that the spleen is a fantastic malady, and that the fogs of the Thames do not exist. But *que voulez vous?* The gaiety of the English makes one shudder; their spleen creeps over one; their houses are confined within iron rails like the tombs of Père la Chaise; a veil of black crape arises every morning from the Thames, spreads over the town, and at times allows itself to be pierced by a red bullet, which I am assured is the sun; all of which proves that the English have not been misrepresented.

"After all, however, London is still London—that is, the largest, the most bizarre, the most curious, and the most uninhabitable town in the world. And so uninhabitable is it, that nobody lives in it, not even the English. People pass through it, transact business, or eat and drink in it, but as soon as they can they escape to breathe the pure air at Greenwich or Richmond. Only the dead inhabit London, and I wager that at night they leave Westminster and St. Paul's, to stretch their legs in the adjacent parks.

"At this moment the rain is rattling against my windows as if it approved of what I have written; but this *wet* rain is nothing; we have it at Paris, only in smaller quantities; for at London, as everybody knows, the year is divided into eight months of winter and four months of bad weather. What, however, we do not possess is *dry* rain. In London all day long you are covered with a fine black powder, which sticks to the clothes, the gloves, and the hands, and forms a mark on the face. When it becomes mixed with the *wet* rain, this powder forms ink; and at London we may say it rains ink. I fill my inkstand with drops from the spout at my window; it is economical.

"Having remarked that in Paris the English in spring wear white hats, I brought one to London; but nobody wears any, and at present it is as black as Erebus, though I have only worn it a week.

Talking of hats—one word on English politeness, or rather on what replaces it, for there is no politeness in England—there is either cordiality or insolence. Cordiality is charming on the part of ladies of good society—they offer you their hands with infinite grace, and a very seducing air. In general the English approach ladies without bowing, with the hat thrust on the back of the head, almost down to the neck—and they unceremoniously offer their hand. This constitutes cordiality, and replaces our French politeness. On the part of the ladies this way of meeting is very pretty; but it is grossly rude on the part of the men—they have the air of accosting a lady as they would approach a horse. In relations with the vulgar you lower yourself by being polite. If you take off your hat on entering a shop you are served last and with bad grace. Sometimes even you are taken for a beggar, and are turned out of doors, or have a penny offered you. That actually happened to me in a glove shop in Regent-street.

"Does a comfortable way of living exist in England? It is always so stated, and the thing has passed into a proverb amongst us; one would

almost suppose every Englishman a sort of Sardanapalus. That may be true of the wealthy classes; but the middle, amongst whom I live, appear to me to be completely without that comfort of which so much is said. In my opinion there is nothing comfortable in the ordinary life of London. I stuff myself with ham, brutify myself with beer, and drown myself in floods of tea, and yet I do not attain that material felicity so much vaunted, and which some enthusiasts represent to be a foretaste of Paradise. I do not mean to say, however, that I am positively arrived at the infernal regions—that would be an exaggeration; but assuredly, English life is decidedly a nice little purgatory. True, the houses of the middle class are well kept in the interior:—the fire-place is always full of coal, the kettle is always boiling, and if hot water caused happiness I should be the happiest of men. But what bedrooms! simple nails to hang up your clothes—beds stuffed with fir apples—blankets of I know not what—and then the beds are most horribly ill made by the chambermaids. Moreover, in London there are no *commissionnaires*, and if you have a letter to send anywhere you must carry it yourself if you have no servant. No *commissionnaires* in such an immense town as London—is that credible! And then there are few baths, and you are not allowed to heat or cool them as you please—nay, if you stop in a bath more than half an hour, the attendants turn off the water, and leave you like a fish on dry land. And yet people talk of the comfort of the English way of living!

"Abstraction made of their usages, it is impossible not to render justice to the qualities which have made the English one of the first nations in the world. But in mixing with the crowd in public places, in being elbowed only by Englishmen, the newly-arrived Frenchman feels explained by I-know-not-what mysterious instinct the wars which during centuries cost so many soldiers to both countries. In presence of the English pride of the great, and the vulgar mockery of the small, there are moments at which one is on the point of crying, "No! it is not the sea which separates France from England, but Hatred!" and, misled for a moment, one dreams of taking an insensate vengeance. Such an idea is bad, and, thank God, every day draws closer two countries made to understand each other, and to guide the rest of the world in the paths of civilization. No one more than I am is a partisan of the great ideas of union and peace, to which the universal Exhibition must cause great progress to be made. But the old elements of hatred exist, and are felt, when for the first time one's foot touches British ground, and we are obliged to call reason to our aid to silence them. The Englishwomen, however, fortunately plead powerfully the cause of civilization. They are the fair angels of peace, and Frenchmen are so fully conquered by them, that we think no more of undertaking the conquest of England.

"There is no more striking scene than the transept of the Exhibition on a fine afternoon. What an elegant and variegated crowd! English-women are mad after gay and striking colours; their silk-gowns of green, blue, rose-coloured, lilac, and striped, contrast strangely with the pale seriousness of their romantic faces. A Frenchwoman would call their dress in bad taste, but I like it. All these charming and strange creatures pass to and fro, like a swarm of brilliant insects. They then seat themselves amidst flowers and verdure to eat ham; and it is not one of the least curiosities of London to see Clarisse Harlowes with such good appetites. For one shilling and sixpence you are admitted to the refreshment room, and you have the right to indulge in all the gastronomic eccentricities of Garagantua. Several tables laden with viands, worthy of the descriptions of Rabelais and Cervantes, and such as are only to be seen in England, are every day crowded by famished visitors. There animals of all countries take their food with ferocity, the mere sight of which is too much for people of delicate nature. Except in England, meat is nowhere exposed to the eye with so much shamefulness of quantity, and with that redness of colour

which makes you shudder with horror. Roast beef, roast mutton, roast lamb, roast veal and ham, and even roast pork, only appear to disappear; and the English call that taking refreshment!"

In the subsequent letters of M. de Prémary there is little worth the trouble of translation, though, no doubt, all that he says is interesting enough to his own countrymen—and all, it must be admitted, is written with a good deal of offhand smartness.

The *feuilletoniste* of the *Siecle*, M. Texier, seems to have come over with the determination of finding everything 'rotten in the state of Denmark.' He not only dwells with a sort of gloomy satisfaction on the misery of a certain portion of the population, but actually takes his readers to the wretched quarters occupied by the lowest class of Irish, and cries, "This, then, is proud and haughty England!—fair to the eye, but rotten within—a giant with feet of clay—of immense wealth, but with the most horrid misery gnawing at her vitals!" Jules Janin, we observe, has had the good sense and the good taste, in one of his recent *feuilletons*, to rebuke his young and indiscreet *confrere*:—"Before we denounce the defects of English society, let us first look at home! And besides, when there is so much to admire, it is unjust to see only the stains on the picture!" Such is the substance, if not the exact words, of the eminent critic. Here, however, is an extract on a more agreeable subject from M. Texier:—

"It is the opinion of a great many persons that the Universal Exhibition of London will in no respect modify the character, manners, or habits of our neighbours. The islander, in fact, resists with all his power the influence of the usages which prevail on the other side of the channel; and if commercially he is in favour of the practice of free exchange, in a moral point of view he is entirely opposed to continental exportations. This explains the peculiar and original physiognomy of the English people in this nineteenth century, in which most other nations have a certain air of relationship. However, if I take into account the phenomena which have occurred during the last few days in the privileged world, called here 'the nobility and gentry,' I must assume that the irruption of Frenchmen will leave some traces, and that the old British usages will receive more than one encroachment. Can it be believed that at this moment, the houses of London which are protected by railings, and which resemble miniature prisons, are being opened to visitors? The home is invaded; the sanctuary is profaned; bearded visages show themselves for the first time in drawing-rooms, which hitherto have only witnessed the fair shoulders of ladies, and the mathematical faces of stiff gentlemen. Is this a sudden conversion? is it premeditated amiability? or is it only curiosity? I cannot tell. But the fact is, that baronets, earls, marquises, and dukes have overwhelmed strangers with invitations. The foreigner, ordinarily so ill thought of in London, has all at once become the lion of the season. The beard is received with the most charming smile, and the mustachio itself no longer draws from the young miss the exclamation, 'shocking'!"

Of all the *feuilletonistes* who have come amongst us, the first in talent as in rank is Jules Janin of the *Débats*. His articles are full of that brilliant sparkle, that exquisite embroidery, that airy and elegant phrase-spinning for which he is noted; and in each passage may be found proofs that he possesses a good deal of classical knowledge, and no little reading. He has, however, unfortunately the plain common sense which prevents him from falling into absurdities, or from torturing truth, or indulging in caricature. We say 'unfortunately,' because the consequence is, that 'he writes of the English almost as an

Englishman would, and therefore says little that calls for translation. On the whole he seems to have been well received, and he certainly takes manifest pleasure in displaying the most cordial feeling towards our country. In short, he came amongst us as a friend should—with a heart overflowing with friendliness; and every Englishman who reads his *feuilletons*, especially the later ones, will feel as much liking for the man as admiration for the writer.

Here is an anecdote told in his own lively way:—

"I have spoken of the respect of each and all for the law, of which every man in the three kingdoms is naturally the protector and the guardian. One of the French exhibitors, a distinguished manufacturer, was standing the other day with a crowd to see the Queen pass. He had one foot off the pavement. Up came the policeman, who ordered our friend to stand entirely on the pavement. But—oh! incredible thing in the eyes of all who knew the respect of this man for order!—he refused, and declared that he would remain with one foot in the street and the other on the pavement. Good! The policeman makes his round, and returns and makes a new sign, 'Either walk in the street, or stand on the pavement.' He does more—seeing the Frenchman determined not to obey, he draws his staff from his pocket, and threatens to strike him a blow which would kill an ox! The danger was great; but, as I have said, the man was obstinately bent on resistance: he would sooner have consented to be killed on the spot than have withdrawn his foot. But the policeman took pity on him: he placed his staff in his pocket, and called on two or three young men to give him aid and protection against this obstinate fellow. Thereupon these young men, faithful to the respect of the law, which is one of the glories of their nation, approached the offender, and, with a severe voice, said, 'Sir, you are not in France, where everybody does what he pleases—you are in a country in which people honour themselves by obeying the law—you will do as we do, Sir,—you will obey!' And, *bon gré mal gré*, he had to get on the pavement! What do you say to this assistance rendered to a subaltern agent of the public peace? In France, people would hardly take the trouble to stop a thief!"

Jules Janin has that sound discrimination, regard for truth, and gentlemanly ability which procure him the *entrée* into English society, and made him a welcome guest.

#### SUMMARY.

*Logic for the Million.* By a Fellow of the Royal Society. Longmans.

LOCKE advises us to accustom the mind to long trains of reasoning in order to acquire a habit of it, and recommends for that purpose the constant perusal of Chillingworth. A fellow of the Royal Society is of a different opinion. "To form a habit of reasoning," he observes, "rather divide your reading and studies among a variety of subjects, than confine yourself to one subject. Try to be distinguished in your profession, but do not be distinguished in anything else. If so, those engaged in the same profession will detract from your professional reputation by praising your other attainments. You had better divide your unprofessional reading and studies among a good many subjects rather than confine them to one. This will afford you more pleasure, impose less mental labour, and give a more lively exercise to your powers of reasoning. You will get the character of being a well-informed man, and awaken no envy by any special kind of superiority." In a writer on logic, this reasoning does not seem particularly logical. To form a habit of reasoning, divide your reading among a good many subjects—why? Because it will give you more pleasure and less labour, be more lively, get you a good character, and awaken no envy. It is difficult to connect the

arguments with the conclusion. Our author, it will be seen, is an advocate for the dead level system, to which we seem to be so fast tending, both physically and mentally. His book is a reprint of a considerable portion of Watts's 'Logick,' with paste and scissors illustrations, forming an entertaining mixture of solemnity and buffoonery from the Bible down to Punch and George Robins. It deserves the praise of consistency. The logician formed by it will certainly not excite any envy of his superiority. He will be as the author proposes, one of the million, and not one out of the million.

*The Theory of Reasoning.* By Samuel Bailey. Longmans.

THIS little treatise abounds with good sense, combined with much acuteness, and is remarkable for the neat and perspicuous manner in which its views are developed. The main outlines of Mr. Bailey's theory are, that though reasoning is of two kinds, inductive (which he calls contingent) and deductive, or demonstrative, yet that the former is its basis; that contingent reasoning being conversant only with particular facts, the force of all reasoning must consequently lie in particulars, and not in axioms or general maxims, which are mere deductions from them, and can therefore add nothing to the proof. This, it is evident, strikes a direct blow at the syllogism, described by Archbishop Whately, and the other writers of his school, as the only method of reasoning; and accordingly Mr. Bailey shows that sometimes the major and sometimes the minor premiss are mere surplusage, and that the argument may commonly be expressed more naturally, and just as cogently, in the form of an euthymeme; contending moreover that the *dictum de omni et nullo*, instead of being the foundation of all syllogism, is merely a co-ordinate general maxim, of no greater force than several others. Many of these views, it will be perceived, Mr. Bailey holds in common with Mill and others; and perhaps the most original part of his theory is the way in which it is combined into a whole. He admits that syllogisms may sometimes be conveniently used; but does not set the same value on them, as a test, as Mr. Mill. "A true theory of the reasoning processes," says Mr. Bailey, "or in other words, a thorough comprehension of their character, although fortunately not essential to the right performance of the acts, may be expected to assist us in some degree to arrive at correct conclusions; but will perhaps be more especially serviceable in preventing that misdirection of our powers, and that waste of attention on wrong objects, which are the results of a false theory on an important subject." Few books, though we might perhaps quarrel with one or two details, will do this better than his own. It will not only set the reader a thinking, but teach him to think correctly. Those who have Whately's 'Logic,' on which it forms a sort of commentary, would do well to bind the two books up together.

*The Mamelukes; a Romance of Life in Grand Cairo.* By A. A. Paton. Bentley.

WE are sometimes inclined to think that there never was a better critic of novels than the house-keeper of Don Quixote. Without wasting a word upon them she threw them straight from the window on to the bonfire in the court. If there was only a friendly curate to rescue the deserving few from the flames, the public would hardly be the losers by this compendious justice, while to condemned authors a private execution would be an unspeakable comfort. Then would 'The Mamelukes' have shared the fate of 'Don Olivante of Laura' and 'Florisimarte of Hircania,' and though his book would have been consumed, we should have been spared the pain of 'roasting' the author. We are rather at a loss to divine his object. If he intends through the medium of a romance to give a description of the city of Cairo, and the manners of its inhabitants, the design is a good one. He might have made it resemble the sabre of the Mameluke, which is both for show and for use—a solid blade in an ornamented scabbard. Bekker, in two pleasing tales, one illustrating Grecian, the other Roman customs, has been eminently successful in thus uniting amusement and instruction.

But in the present work the information is scanty, and the story insipid. The meagre incidents are clumsily put together, and remind us of a house where long winding passages terminate in nothing. As we are expecting to emerge into a spacious apartment we suddenly encounter a dead wall. At the conclusion of the story he is unable to lay the spirits he has evoked, and can only dispose of them by summoning all the plagues of Egypt to his aid. There is nothing in the characters to compensate for the want of interest in the plot. His personages exhibit too little feeling to enlist our sympathies on their behalf, and most of them have attained to a philosophic indifference which would do credit to a stoic. Horace asserts that when the materials are collected it is easy to find words. This position would admit of dispute. But certainly where materials are wanting, or the ideas undefined, no command of language can supply their place. The sun which brings out the glories of an Italian landscape can never reflect beauty from a barren heath or an expanse of desert. Mr. Paton's style, however, is in keeping with his story. An old man discovers his son's disbelief of the faith of his fathers, and expresses his wonder that "heaven's fires do not blind the apostate's eyes, and thunders crack his ear-drums." Of another character, we are told that "his knowledge was like his portable library, —as remarkable for its extent as for its higgledy-piggledy order." But the peculiarities of Mr. Paton's composition are most displayed in his long and ambitious sentences, which seem intended to show that by an artful collocation the English language may be made even more obscure than Egyptian hieroglyphics. It is of Bonaparte that he speaks in the following passage: "Omnipotent in central continental Europe, the torrid plains of Egypt, the frosts of Russia, and the sierras of Spain, where a small army is beaten, and a large one dies of hunger, were all territories lying on the wrong side of the line of possibility, and furnish matter for profound and acute observation to the historian who hath lived after the fact, and who *ex cathedra* inculcates the maxim *in medias tutissimus ibis*, to all principalities and powers, the limits of the *medias*, as applied to particular cases, being left to their own discretion, subject to the indulgent and reasonable strictures of the historian after the fact." We should be glad to apply Mr. Paton's principle to Mr. Paton himself; but, upon calm reflection, he will acknowledge that if 'the strictures' on him are to be 'reasonable,' it is impossible they should be 'indulgent.'

*Ralph Rutherford: a Nautical Romance.* By the Author of "The Petrel," &c. &c. 3 vols. Colburn and Co.

NOVEL writing and novel reading seem in these days the panacea for at least half the ills that flesh is heir to. If a man is unsuccessful in his profession, he has but to turn novelist and right himself; if the law cast him off, he can lay hold of some of its salient points, and expose them in a novel; if divinity leave him with an empty purse, a high-church tale may serve to fill it; if, as a medical practitioner, he drive about in search of patients, he may forget for a while the 'hope deferred,' by employing his spare time upon a good plot. Naval and military officers amuse themselves in this manner when on half-pay; lovers suffering under rejected addresses relieve their feelings by three volumes of sentimentalism; statesmen deem the novel a fit vehicle for their political views, and many a worthy man with a good, though mistaken intention, has undertaken to explain Christianity, or to defend Protestantism, by the aid of fiction. The man of genius, also, sometimes leaves us in this form an abiding impress of his powers. Readers, too, are plentiful as blackberries. What an adventure was to Don Quixote, what a ruin was to Jonathan Oldbuck, such to the lover of romance is the last new novel. It is no wonder, then, when we consider the great variety of tales which are perpetually issuing from the press, that by far the larger proportion should, like the flies of summer—

"Sport for a day, and perish in a night,  
The foam upon the waters not so light."

'Ralph Rutherford' must, we think, be classed with these ephemeral productions. There is little in it worth finding fault with, or worthy of praise. It is difficult to describe mediocrity, and mediocrity is the most striking characteristic of the tale. The hero and heroine have nothing to distinguish them from a thousand of their predecessors, who have lived out a short existence in the pages of former novelists. When we have mentioned that the one is brave and the other beautiful; that, after a few valorous exploits and most improbable coincidences, the course of true love runs smooth at last; that Ralph becomes a lord and Julia a viscountess, we have said all that is worth saying. The plot is very meagre, and the manner in which it is developed is by no means interesting enough to make us forget its strange unlikelihood. We miss, too, altogether the life and fun, the broad humour and graphic descriptions, which have imparted a charm to many of our nautical novels. The author of 'Ralph Rutherford' does occasionally try to be humorous, but never succeeds in his attempt, and sure we are that Birchall, Lieutenant Shopronoff, or Tit Tandy, will fail to raise a smile even on the most mirthful countenance.

*Lectures delivered before the Church of England Young Men's Society, at Freemasons' Hall.* 1851. Nisbet.

THE subjects of the seven lectures contained in this volume are chiefly of a controversial character, relating to the influence of Popery, and to various ecclesiastical subjects. Although very instructive, doubtless, to those who heard them, and at the time of their delivery having special interest in consequence of the prevailing feeling on Papal aggression, the lectures are not of a kind to be interesting to the general reader, with the exception of the third, by far the best of the series, by the Rev. Hobart Seymour, "On the Efforts of the Church of Rome since the Reformation to regain her Influence in England."

*A Practical Treatise on the Culture of the Vine as well under Glass as in the Open Air.* By John Sanders. Reeve and Benham.

A SMALL treatise containing clear and simple directions for the cultivation of the Vine,—from the choice of site for the erection of a Vinery to the preservation of the grapes after they have been cut. The author evidently writes with a thorough knowledge of his subject; and as he is well known among horticulturists as one of the most successful growers of grapes in the country, and 'lays down no rules that he has not worked out and tested for himself,' we are justified in recommending the work to all interested in the culture of this delicious fruit. The book is illustrated with a variety of plans for Vine-houses.

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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 Alexander on Isaiah, Vol. 1, post 8vo, cloth, 8s.  
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- King's (Rev. Dr.) Ruling Eldership, 12mo, cloth, 1s. 6d.  
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#### MR. THACKERAY'S LECTURES.

IN the midst of a season, when it seemed that the attention of all London would be monopolized by one single object—the Crystal Palace in Hyde Park—a sensation has suddenly been created by the lectures of Mr. Thackeray at Willis's Rooms. Crowds of course do not flock to gather wisdom and instruction from his lips. His tickets are high-priced, and he is not an actor for the many. But his audience is numerous of its kind, and most select in its composition. So brilliant an assemblage of rank and literature could scarcely be found as in Mr. Thackeray's lecture-room.

Lectures, everybody knows, are common enough—indeed we have had them *ad nauseam*; but Mr. Thackeray's are different from anything that has preceded them. Generally, the object of a popular lecturer is to convey in a succinct form as much information as he can for the benefit of a public supposed to be imperfectly acquainted with the theme. Mr. Thackeray's principle is directly the reverse. In the case of Swift, the part of his lecture which gives information, commonly so called, is the most meagre, and might be omitted without any great damage to the rest. Not to furnish a series of short biographies, or to set forth the literary peculiarities of the 'humorists,' who are his subjects, but to give his notion of their personal idiosyncrasies to an audience who have already formed their own opinions on the matter, is the evident purpose of Mr. Thackeray; and the estimation in which he is held by the literary and higher classes could not be more distinctly proved than by the excitement which his lectures have created. For a person whose fame was not already established, and whose opinion was not already allowed to have remarkable weight, the attempt to deliver a discourse framed on Mr. Thackeray's principle would be simply absurd.

His manner of delivery is not the least striking part of the exhibition. He is grave even to sadness, inobtrusive almost to bashfulness, and there is a quietness both in his voice and in his gestures which we do not remember to have seen elsewhere. This manner was quite in keeping with his oration—for so it should be called—on Swift, the hero of his first lecture. He evinced a melancholy pleasure in penetrating the halo of wit by which the Dean was surrounded, and in contemplating an internal state of misery, of which, perhaps, he took somewhat too gloomy a view. His admiration of Swift's intellectual character was boundless, but was almost equalled by his detestation of him as a moral being. Annoyed by the servile position he held while attached to Sir William Temple, of whom, as a smooth superficial man, a masterly picture was drawn by the lecturer, Swift became a sort of literary bandit, who, discovering his own power, used his brains for his bullets, and called upon society to deliver to him whatever boon he might desire. In religion an infidel (for such is Mr. Thackeray's verdict), he did not scruple to wear the priestly habiliments and to aspire to a bishopric; so that his life was, to a

certain extent, a long course of hypocrisy. The disappointments which he met in the world, and the absence of all inward consolation, produced a state of mental loneliness, which terminated in insanity, and on which the lecturer said he could not look without horror.

The observations on Swift's relation to 'Stella' and 'Vanessa' formed the most poetical episode in the discourse,—the rhapsodic panegyric of Hester Johnson being one of those displays of manly pathos for which Mr. Thackeray is so remarkable. To many it will doubtless appear singular, that instead of regarding Swift's amours with severity, he looked upon his affection for Stella as the brightest spot in his existence.

The literary peculiarities of Swift he dismissed with little more than a single remark upon his style, and this was only made with reference to his personal character, in corroboration of the assertion, that in all the essentials of his nature he was an Englishman, and no Irishman, though Dublin was his birthplace.

William Congreve, with whom Mr. Thackeray commenced his second lecture, seems to be the special object of his dislike. He regards him as a heartless wit, whose comedies he reads with the same feeling as he contemplates the relics of the house of Sallust in the ruins of Pompeii,—they are ghastly banquets, where no love is, and where one hears the confession, that 'Il segrete per esser felice' consists in sensual pleasure: but this is closely followed, as in the *Borgia* opera, by the approach of death. The prevalence of the same immoral tone in various dramatic works of England, formed the subject of a brilliant digression, in which he held up the vanity of the maxim, 'Enjoy, enjoy, enjoy,' which he vernacularly rendered into 'Eat and drink, and when your time comes, go to the deuce, if deuce there be.' The disrespect shown to old age, and the worship of youth, strength, and recklessness, which are so apparent in the Congreve school, appeared to fill him with particular horror. While, however, he loathed the moral heartlessness of Congreve, whose brilliancy he only parenthetically admitted, he amused himself by dilating on his vanity. He loved to contemplate the 'great Mr. Congreve,' whom he always fancied he heard calling himself the 'great Mr. Congreve,' dressed in a very fine suit, squeezing a lady's hand through the curls of his periwig. He loved to quote his pompous or sarcastic love-poems as illustrations of the feelings he entertained towards the fair sex, regarding them as so many beings merely created to show off his own irresistible qualities.

Joseph Addison, who divided the second lecture with Congreve, is the object of Mr. Thackeray's admiration and delight. He does not look upon him as profound, nor give him credit for familiarity with the sufferings of the human heart, but he admires his serene calmness, and the mildness with which he judges the foibles of mankind. Extracts both from his prose and poetry he read with evident relish, and thus displayed a sympathy which he had not felt for Swift or Congreve. On his strong religious feeling he dwelt with a marked respect, and his solemnity, while on this part of his subject, had a magical effect on his hearers.

As several of our contemporaries have recorded the lowness of tone in which Mr. Thackeray delivered his first lecture, we would observe that this objection, which is perfectly correct, applies to the first lecture only. The second clearly showed that he had felt his error, and nothing could be more delightful than the calm clearness of his elocution, attained without any show of physical effort.

All persons who take interest in English literature should make a duty of hearing these admirable orations, of which there are yet four to come. They will hear fine specimens of word-painting, in which an age with all its characteristics will be placed clearly before them; they will be startled by sudden ebullitions of caustic quiet satire, such as none but the lecturer can give; they will be melted by the most genuine and inobtrusive pathos; and—most valuable of all—they will have to contemplate familiar objects from points of view previously unknown.

#### THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

THE Exhibition is a marvel which will never depart from the memories of men. There are one or two events in the history of mankind which men, generation after generation, repeat to their children, and thus continually revive. But these great events become small when contrasted with the real grandeur of this one gathering to celebrate the triumphs of human industry beneath the banners of peace. Nations which once considered themselves as natural enemies shake hands and pledge the pledge of amity and brotherhood beneath that roof of glass to the peaceful murmur of its crystal fountains. Monarchs have sent their treasures, and working-men have contributed their labours. Queens have added the treasures of industry which they possessed to swell the triumphant display of woman's handywork here soliciting admiration. Roman emperors had their triumphs; these were adorned with the spoils of war, and swelled by multitudes who had fallen into slavery;—a British prince has his triumph rendered beautiful by every effort which results from the arts of peace, and swelled by the bands of freedom. The few instruments of destruction which are introduced rest in peaceful brightness, overwhelmed by the multitude of more pleasing objects; and we trust those kindly pledges which were lately passed amongst the representatives of nations on the banks of the Thames, at Richmond, may be enduring as the memory of that festal day.

Having described the more striking objects in the main avenues of the Exhibition, it may be as well to direct attention to the articles of interest exhibited by her Majesty. We have already alluded to the articles distributed in the east main avenue. If we now enter the Fine Arts court on the north side of the English nave, we shall find two or three objects of remarkable beauty, and two of them unique, both as works of art, and as being productions resulting from recent applications of science to art manufacture. The examples of *Electro-plating*, from the works of Messrs. Elkington, are remarkable as illustrative of the process. A *Jewel Case* in the cinque-cento style, from the design of L. Gruner, and a *Table of Gold and Silver electro-plate*, from the design of George Stanton, a student in the Birmingham School of Design, with some ornamental portions copied under the direction of the Chevalier de Schlick. The jewel-case is of bronze, and is very elegantly ornamented, the ornaments being silvered and gilt. It may be remarked in passing that this is effected by covering the casket with some resinous substance, except over those parts which are to be silvered—these are kept perfectly clean and metallic; the whole is then placed in a solution of cyanide of potassium, in which oxide of silver has been dissolved, and being connected with a voltaic battery, the metallic silver is speedily revived. When properly silvered, these parts are covered, and the portion to be gilt exposed; the box placed in a similar solution of gold, and the electro-chemical operation repeated. Upon this case are beautifully executed portraits on china, from miniatures by Mr. Thorburn, and medallion profiles of the Royal children, modelled by Leonard Wyon. The table, of which the top is an electro-type, represents Minerva with Astrology, Geometry, Arithmetic, Music, and Rhetoric, in the centre of which is Temperance, surrounded by the four elements. The *Cradle*, executed for her Majesty by W. G. Rogers, the celebrated wood-carver, from a design by his son, is a very beautiful specimen of this art. An attempt has been made to carry through all the ornamental parts the idea of repose. Nox, as a sleeping female, is crowned with poppies, and supported on bats' wings. On the rocker is Somnus, with closed eyes, surrounded by poppies, interspersed, both within and without, amid the foliage, which is beautifully executed from nature, are the royal arms, insignias of royalty, and various emblems of sleep. As an example of wood-carving, this is unexceptionable; but we are not quite pleased with the general outline; there is a want of elegance in the lines, which appears to arise from the continuation of the same curve, ap-

proaching too nearly to a segment of a circle. Something more undulating would have produced a much more pleasing outline.

In the gallery, the north corner of the transept, the celebrated *Ladies' Carpet* hangs from the girders. It will be remembered that the Lady Mayoress and 149 ladies of Great Britain executed this piece of needle-work, which, when finished, was presented by them to Her Majesty. The design was first executed by the artist, Mr. J. W. Papworth, and then being subdivided, detached squares were worked by the several ladies, which were re-united on their completion. The geometrical and floral forms very readily admitted of this subdivision of labour, and in many parts the result has been most satisfactory; the border is, perhaps, the least successful portion of the whole. The proof here afforded of the application of this kind of work to a purpose of utility instead of its being a mere excuse for killing time, from which usually resulted miserable attempts at art, will, we hope, have a tendency to direct many to a branch of industry which promises to be more profitable than almost any other kind of needle-work. This carpet was executed under the direction of Mr. W. B. Simpson. Two examples of *Axminster Carpets*, both from the designs of Mr. Gruner, one executed at Glasgow, and the other at Wilton, the property of the Queen, are hung in this and in the central south gallery.

In the department for *Glass* will be found the two candelabra executed for Her Majesty by the Messrs. Osler, of Birmingham. They are eight feet high, and constructed to carry fifteen lights each. The shaft is formed of prisms three feet in length; these are fixed to the iron support, which, all the light being reflected from the base of the prisms, is not seen. The beauty of the glass in these specimens, and in the *Glass Fountain*, are most favourable examples of the improvement which is taking place in our glass manufacture since the restrictive duties and annoying supervisions have been removed. Prince Albert has contributed Engel's Group of *Theseus and Amazons*, in the south transept. Wheat, oats, and beans, grown on his farm at Windsor, and wool, will be found in Class 3; and specimens of the Parrot or Cannell coals, from West Wemyss Colliery, will be found in Class 27, also contributed by the Prince, one example being a *Garden Seat* from a design by Mr. Gruner, who also designed the slabs for the tables, executed in imitation of the Florentine Mosaic, by Mr. Woodruff, of Bakewell. These consist of inlaid *Derbyshire Marbles*, and are most successful imitations of the Florentine work, which we hope to find more generally executed in the productions of our own island than they have been hitherto, now it is seen that we can produce so rich a variety of ornamental stones both in colour and character. The *Candelabrum*, in the cinque-cento style, executed in Seagliola, by Romoli, is a good specimen of this kind of art manufacture. Beyond these valuable contributions, the beautiful *Shield* presented to the Prince of Wales by the king of Prussia, claims our particular notice, from the high character of its workmanship. The pictorial embellishments of the shield are by the celebrated Dr. Cornelius, and the architectural ornaments by Stüler. This shield has been denominated the 'Buckler of Faith,' and the story of the Christian creed is admirably told. The head of our Saviour occupies the centre, the Lord's Supper, Baptism, and other types in the Old Testament, are well conceived and represented, and the figures of the Evangelists, surrounded by the Christian virtues, are admirably introduced. The relief which runs round the edge represents the betrayal, the redeeming atonement, and the resurrection. All the other parts display some most delicate workmanship, the Arabesque ornaments, in particular, are among the finest works of the goldsmith which are exhibited. This shield is placed a little to the east of the Koh-i-noor diamond in the eastern nave.

Few things are more pleasing to those who desire to see the best uses made of this great gathering, than the daily increase of visitors, and the anxiety expressed by all to gain information as to

the history of the materials employed, and the processes by which they have been made serviceable to man. Everything that is published which offers to afford any information is most eagerly bought up, but the required familiar information is yet wanting. We trust that the Executive or the contractors for the Catalogue will devise some plan by which this may be supplied.

#### *The Shilling Days.*

In almost every instance in which preparations have been made to restrain the public, or to legislate for the preservation of order, it has proved to a certain extent unnecessary. On Monday 'the millions' were to be admitted to view the Industrial Exhibition. Day after day had been spent by the Police Commissioner and the Executive in preparing for this 'dangerous experiment.' The numbers of police were doubled, barricades were prepared, huge labels with arrows and the words 'This way,' were placed all over the building, and the stream was to have been impelled in one direction, under the constant cry of 'Move on! move on!' Mark the result—'the millions' stayed at home; and the barricades, the directing-posts, and the police, had the place almost to themselves. The juries all remarked that they had not enjoyed so quiet a day since the commencement of their duties; and on Tuesday morning things were restored to their original condition. The resting-places for the weary—and they are not a few—were restored; most of the labels had disappeared, and thirty thousand people were there endeavouring to learn something of the things they saw. Nothing could be more delightful than the interest every one appeared to take; nothing more satisfactory than the questionings which we heard on every side, as we purposely mingled with the most motley groups, and, we are proud and pleased to proclaim it, nothing more happy than the friendly and honest explanation which the police in all cases endeavoured to give. Here we found working men with their children, to whom they were giving lessons of the highest value. In the machinery department, in particular, needle-making, weaving, printing, and the thousand other works of the almost automatic machines, attracted much attention; and around these many a hard-handed man was giving the best lesson to his progeny which he ever gave. Charity-schools, too, were there; we hope every such school in the metropolis has, at all times, free admission—that those in charge of the children may take them again and again, and instruct them in those things which, but for this Exhibition, they could never have had the opportunity of knowing.

The result of Monday is a glorious triumph—the assertion of the great fact, that none but the honest will care to visit the works of industry. No thief is safe for one moment in the Exhibition; the public will themselves protect its contents. Nothing will be injured, except by accident; the multitude will look so vigilantly after the property with which they feel themselves entrusted, that the detective police can be spared for Ascot or any other of those gatherings which have a less healthful tendency. Every day the number of shilling visitors has increased, and the order observed by them has been most exemplary. On Thursday upwards of forty thousand paid for admission. However great the number of visitors may become, let us hear no more of any restrictions on their movements. Over that vast area the largest crowd will disperse itself; if they find the numbers too large in the main avenues, or in the more showy departments, they will be content to study the raw materials, and the more useful class of manufactures which they find in the back settlements. They will go there to learn, where there is really much more of practical learning, and they will gain their object in some way, with the least possible inconvenience to themselves. Even those who are lured there in idleness are seen standing in bewildered astonishment by the Crystal Fountain, and under the enchantment of this great exemplification of the efforts of mind, they return thoughtfully to their homes wiser and better men.

#### MR. WYLD'S COLOSSAL GLOBE.

THIS very interesting model of the physical geography of the earth is at length completed, and will be opened to the public on Monday. The globe stands upright upon its south pole, so that the spectator enters at the Antarctic Ocean, and finds the entire range of land and water delineated upon its inner concave surface. The north pole being at the top, Europe, Asia, and North America are very high up in the dome. For the examination of these and intermediate parts in detail a stage of four stories or galleries is erected, reaching nearly to the summit, and it is extremely curious to find upon arriving at the top gallery how comparatively small a portion of the globe, encircling the arctic and north temperate regions, comprehends the limit of civilization. Here is at once a feature capable of impressing the mind with many thoughtful and valuable reflections. A grander conception might have been given of the physical geography of the globe as a whole, if the interior were left more free. We think Mr. Wyld should have exhibited his model for a season for the purpose of a general view, before erecting so lofty a range of galleries for its closer inspection. The observer is somewhat disappointed upon entering to find his view so much intercepted by timbers. For this reason we recommend our readers not to linger below, but to mount at once to the arctic regions, where he may get an uninterrupted view of the civilized countries of the world, and look down through the equatorial and tropical zones to the remoter parts. The proportions of the model are ten miles to an inch horizontally, and one mile to an inch vertically, so that a mountain is ten times more diminished in width than in height, yet how comparatively insignificant are the elevations upon the surface of this colossal model, occupying 10,000 square feet. It is altogether a remarkable and truly philosophical work. The structure completed, it only needs successive changes of painting to illustrate all the different physical features of the globe. The geography having been shown for a season, it may then be painted in a manner to illustrate the geology, then the hydrography, the meteorology, the natural history, and so on.

#### VARIETIES.

*Her Majesty's Theatre.*—Mdlle. Sophie Cruvelli has fully established her position as a singer of great dramatic power and large compass of voice. She has repeated her performance of *Fidelio* during the week with increased success, and will shortly undertake the part of *Norma*. Her intense feeling is most impressive, and among the genuine characteristics of the art.

*Royal Italian Opera.*—The long-expected production of Beethoven's *Fidelio*, the only lyrical work he completed, was accomplished on Tuesday. It is a satisfaction now for all our doubts and disappointments to be able to say, that the delay has been favourable to the more perfect execution, for we are unable to recall any first performance that has approached this, either in a general intelligent reading of the composer, or in the perfectness of the singers: comparatively little demand was made upon our good nature to excuse this or that. Much anxiety was felt, and some misgivings, as to the part of the heroine, taken by Mad. Castellan. Every one knew her value and excellence in parts requiring elegant and florid style, with a certain amiable sweetness that few have the gift of conveying; such as *Margarita de Valois*, in which she is perfectly charming, though in the *obligato* of the unusually intricate music of Meyerbeer. But her power to display workings of such intensity and earnestness, such a climacteric of courage and devotion as urged the faithful *Leonora* of the German legend; of being swayed with the almost terrible musical feelings of Beethoven—it was in these respects we mistrusted her. However, we shall not be so ungracious as to say this or that did not equal our ideal, when it was evident that the fair and certainly interesting *Fidelio* (if not tragic) gave her whole energies to the part. We are more disposed to bless the day when we have heard such an interpretation of

Beethoven's grand conception, what with the orchestra, Formes, Tamberlik, and the overwhelming choral finale to the work, the impression of which upon the audience was such, that the groups of earnest amateurs seemed inclined to remain on the spot to discuss the beauties and exclaim "Wonderful!" Poor Beethoven, how—when having at length arrived at a perfect orchestra, we listen to his symphonies, the *Leonora* overture, and this opera—do we sympathize with the trials and disappointments of a genius who thought and wrote above the men of his day; whose ideas have only within the last few years been understood and felt. *Fidelio* was once a failure; it failed in Vienna before the *élite* of a musical, and in London before a thoughtless, audience. Though with Malibran and Devrient it was considered heavy. If Meyerbeer's *Huguenots* had been offered then as it is now, it would have shared the same fate. These two great lyrical writers seem to us to have taken the most classical view of the lyric drama; every passage in the music has its meaning, to develop the story descriptively, to express the feelings of the characters, never to tickle the ears and soothe the careless audience, like most of the Italian operas. Mozart, by many looked to as the model of opera writing—an opinion in which we hardly agree—took more from the Italians in his style; and it is easy to observe how in *Fidelio* we occasionally meet with music of the Mozartian type; but all these great men abandon themselves, happily for us, to their peculiar modes in the great situations of the drama, and sway us with the grandest emotions. With the hope of returning to the theme of *Fidelio*, we can only now add, that Formes gave the most true effect to the part of the old gaoler *Rocco*, and sang so safely through the complex music, that the part seemed like a column round which the lighter strains of *Fidelio* and *Marcellina* seemed to cling like twining flowers. Tamberlik touched the heart with every plaintive note he uttered in the gloomy prison scene. Tagliafico is the best *Pizarro* we ever saw—a fearfully real assassin. The chorus of prisoners is not yet perfect, though in the grand *finale*, 'Celebriam, cantiam amici,' the power and richness of tone in the voices were magnificent, and the orchestra played as if each man had an especial reverence for the great master.

*St. James's Theatre.*—Mdlle. Rachel is announced to make her first appearance on Monday, in Racine's tragedy of *Phèdre*. Her repertoire for the subsequent performances will embrace *Bajazet*, *Polyeucte Martyr*, *Adrien Lecouvreur*, *Angelo*, *Valeria*, *Marie Stuart*, *Jeanne d'Arc*, *Les Horaces*, *Virginie*, *Andromaque*, *Mademoiselle de Belle-Isle*, *Le Moineau de Lesbie*, and *Horace et Lydie*.

*Haymarket Theatre.*—An agreeable variety has been made in the performances of this house in the presentation of Auber's comic opéra of the *Crown Diamonds*, with Miss Pyne in the principal female character. The comedy of *John Bull* has also been revived during the week, and capitally acted. Hudson, Davenport, Buckstone, and Webster were admirable in their respective parts.

*Adelphi Theatre.*—A laughable operetta has also been produced at this house, entitled *Good Night*, *Signor Pantalon*, the dresses being of the sword, powder, and bag-wig school. Miss Fitzwilliam, as a daintily-attired Columbine, with some pretty singing, Miss Woolgar, as a smart be-powdered lover in silver trimmings, and Mr. Honey, as Signor Pantalon, contributed with much spirit to its success.

*Madame Puzzi's Concert* was chiefly remarkable for the introduction of the sisters Cruvelli in the duet, 'Ebben a te ferisce,' from *Semiramide*, and a grand concerted hymn of all nations by Balfe, in which all the great female vocalists of Mr. Lumley's company took part. Madame Sontag's wonderful powers of vocalization were never more beautifully and elaborately displayed than in her charming variations of the 'Je vous dirai' and of the polka air from 'Le Tre Nozze'; and Lablache in Martini's laughing terzetto was truly magnificent.

*Mr. Aguilar's Concert.*—We have before had the pleasure to speak of the excellent taste and promising talents of this gentleman, who, in addition

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to his first-rate talents as a pianist, now essays the highest walk of music, in a symphony performed for the first time at his concert, of which but one opinion of its superior merits has been expressed. He performed the sonata of Mendelssohn in G minor with great finish and beauty of execution. Ernst and Bottesini were also among the soloists of great repute who contributed to the enjoyment of the crowded audience.

*Mr. W. H. Holmes's Concert.*—The many friends of Mr. Holmes have looked with unusual interest to this concert for the first hearing of an opera from his portfolio. Had it been as well performed as it deserved to be, and with the proper appurtenances of the scenery and dresses, it would, we feel convinced, have been most successful; as it was, the band were totally inadequate, and the reading of the dialogue gave a most tedious effect. The hearing was enough, however, to make us hope, for the sake of our school, of which the composer is a much respected member, it will be properly given ere long.

*The Philharmonic Concert.*—The sixth meeting was held on Monday; and, with the exception of the violin performance of M. Haumann, was the most successful hitherto of the season. The symphonies of Mozart in E flat and Beethoven in B flat were magnificently played. The overtures given were the *Ruy Blas* of Mendelssohn, and the *Pietro von Abano* of Spohr. Bottesini, the extraordinary double-bass player, first introduced at the Musical Union two years ago, executed a concerto on his instrument which astonished everybody, by the perfect marvels of execution and the delightful tone in the cantabile passages. Like Paganini and Piatto, this Italian artiste is unique—quite the lion of the musical season. Pischek sang an aria from *Faust*, and Mad. Castellan the 'O luce' from *Linda*, and 'Ceme scoglio' from the *Cosi fan tutte*.

*Goethe.*—When Professor Zahn sojourned in Naples, he took an active part in the excavations of Pompeii—studies which eventually led to the publication of his meritorious work on this subject. At the same time he faithfully reported the progress of these operations to old Goethe. The poet's replies to these communications on the ancient paintings of Pompeii, its theatres, and other buildings, were replete with those sparks of genius he exhibited on every occasion. This rather voluminous correspondence, long laid up at Naples, has been lately recovered, and will be published by Professor Zahn.

*German Periodicals in the United States.*—The number of these publications daily increasing, points to a strong development of German element in the New World republic. They amount at present to eighty-nine, of which sixty-five belong to the democratic and seven to the whig party. Four-fifths of that number appear in no-slavery States. The department of science also begins to be cultivated, and since the middle of last year Drs. W. Keller and H. Tiedemann are publishing at Philadelphia a monthly periodical, entitled *North American Report on Natural and Medical Science*, (*N. A. Monats-Bericht*). The oldest German American paper was published in 1729, entitled the *Pennsylvanian German Reporter*, (*Berichter*).

*Statistical Society—19th May.*—Mr. T. J. Brown read a paper on the National Debts and Revenues, in proportion to the population and extent of area, of the various States of Europe.—The data of this memoir were obtained from the 'Almanack de Gotha,' a work by Oberhausen; Reden's 'Statistical Journal,' Ritter's 'Statistical Geography,' another by Richter, and the 'Conversation Lexicon,' published at Leipsic by Brochhausen. The total amount of debt borne by the fifty-eight European states was shown to be 1,753,278,127*l.*, of which the eight Republics sustain three-twentieths, and the Monarchies the remaining seventeen-twentieths. Every geographical square mile in Europe is burthened with an average of 9740*l.* of the public debt. Hamburg sustaining the maximum of debt in proportion to its area, and Russia and Turkey the minimum; and in proportion to the population of Europe, an average of 6*l.* 15*s.* per head was indicated—in

this case the Netherlands sustaining the maximum and Russia the minimum. The revenues of the European states yield a total of 207,301,752*l.*, of which 53,386,293*l.* is derived from the Republics, and 153,915,459*l.*, or three-fourths, from the Monarchies—Spain holding the worst position as regards the amount of revenue opposed to the national debt, the interest upon which, at 5 per cent., would consume the whole revenue; whilst Russia requires only a fourteenth of its revenue to be so applied.

*The Crypt at Guildhall.*—This interesting architectural memorial of old London has been cleared of the rubbish which had probably encumbered it ever since the great fire of London, and is now exhibited. The columns have been cleaned, and the arches restored. It extends under about half of the grand banquet hall, and the city architect, under whose care the restoration has been made, considers it was never of larger dimensions. Much attention is excited by a large granite vase which stands in the vault, presented to the city by Major Cookson, who commanded the artillery in Egypt, as a trophy from that country.

*The School of Design.*—We are glad to learn that twelve of the more advanced pupils of each of the two schools have been presented with season tickets for the Great Exhibition by Prince Albert, another gratifying example of the lively interest manifested by him in the encouragement of the arts. We cannot help regretting, however, that this important opportunity of benefiting the pupils has been left to be afforded by a private source, while France sends a selected number of the pupils of the Polytechnic school to pursue their studies amongst the wonders of art and machinery at the Exhibition.

*Salle des Gobelins, Paris.*—The exhibition of this old national establishment, which had been closed for some years, has been re-opened to the public. It is the richest collection of French tapestry from the sixteenth century up to the present time. The specimens of the period of François I. possess historical value, as well as those executed in the reign of Louis XIV., after the paintings of Lebaun. The epoch of Napoleon presents some huge specimens, concluded by those executed from 1815 to 1830.

*Library at Constantinople.*—The Turkish government is engaged in forming at the capital a vast public library, to be composed of all the MSS. hitherto dispersed over a great number of collections, even in the provinces, as well as of the most important scientific and art-works published abroad. Not only will this plan afford ample means to the oriental scholar resorting to Constantinople, but will bring forth many rare MSS. and works hitherto hidden in the dust of convents, mosques, &c., all over Turkey.

*The new Planet* discovered by Mr. J. R. Hind, at ten minutes before one A.M., on May 20, in constellation Scorpio, about 8° N. of the ecliptic, and forming, at the time, an equilateral triangle with the stars ♂ Scorpis and ♀ Librae, of pale bluish colour, with light about equal to that of a star of the ninth magnitude, is to be named Irene.

*A New Magician* commenced on Wednesday to display his wonders at the Princess's Concert Rooms, in the person of M. Bosco, of Turin. His list comprises nearly a hundred incredible feats, which he considers superior to anything that has ever been attempted,—the *ne plus ultra* of prestidigitation.

*Sale of Shells.*—An indifferent specimen, small in size and somewhat worn, of the *Conus gloria-maris*, about three-and-a-half inches in length, was sold on Wednesday, by Mr. Stevens, the auctioneer, at the price of thirty guineas. About ten specimens are known, all of finer quality.

*Soyer's Symposium.*—The attractions of Gore House are of so peculiar a kind we cannot do better than give the programme entire. Amongst the numerous attractions of the *Maison Soyer* are—Le Vestibule de la Fille de l'Orage, The Hall of Architectural Wonders, The Blessington Temple of the Muses, The Temple of Danae, or the Shower of Gems; The Transatlantic Passage, La Forêt

Peruvienne, or the Night of Stars; The Grand Staircase, containing the Macédoine of all Nations, being a Demisemiträgimimicomigrotesquepanofun-niosympiorama, or 'Such a Getting up Stairs to the Great Exhibition of 1851,' painted in fresco by Mr. George Augusta Sala; The Gallic Pavilion, or L'Avenue des Amours; The Temple of Phœbus, The Glittering Rocaille of Eternal Snow, The Bower of Ariadne, The Door of the Dungeon of Mystery, The Boudoir de la Vallière, or the Dorian; L'Œil de Bœuf, or Flora's Retreat; The Celestial Hall of Golden Lilies, The Grand Banqueting Bridge al Fresco, The Washington Refreshment Room for the dispensation of every sort of American beverage, Soyer's Colossal Offering to Amphitrite, Cupid's Delight, The Impenetrable Grotto of Ondine, Hebe's Mistake, or the Enchanted Fountain; The Aerial Orchestra, The Baronial Hall, containing the late Madame Soyer's celebrated Pictures, and the complete Gallery of Eminent Characters by Count D'Orsay; Gigantic Encampment of All Nations, with monster Tablecloth, 307 feet long, of British manufacture; Pic-Nic Tents, Magic Cookery by Soyer's Original Lilliputian Kitchen, Marble Statues and Fountains, Bacchanalian Vases, Emerald Pyramids of Morning Dew, Gipsey Dell, and Statuettes à la Watteau, &c. Subscribers will be permitted to view, from 12 till 2 o'clock, the Symposium Kitchen, in which 600 joints can be cooked with ease in the course of the day. M. Soyer is preparing his gas apparatus to roast a bullock whole.

#### LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

*Monday.*—British Architects, 8 p.m.—Entomological, 8 p.m.—Chemical, 8 p.m.

*Tuesday.*—Linnean, 8 p.m.

*Wednesday.*—Royal Botanic, 3½ p.m.

*Thursday.*—Zoological, 3 p.m.—Antiquaries, 8 p.m.

*Friday.*—Royal Institution, 8½ p.m.—(Professor Alexander Williamson, University College, London, Suggestions for the Dynamics of Chemistry, derived from the Theory of Etherification.)—Botanical, 8 p.m.

**THE JAY!!!**—The Key to this Mystery, see THE LOOKER-ON of Saturday, June 7, price 2d., published on Wednesday.

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In the Mitre Office, the sum of £100 may be assured at the age of 30, for the same premiums which in mutual offices assure only to £750: the bonus in such offices being, of course, contingent upon longevity. Here, the rates being based upon the experience of 62,000 assured lives, and having been settled by eminent actuaries, the security of the system is commensurate with its accessibility to all classes.

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	£	s.	£	s.		
30	1	1	9	2	3	6
40	1	9	2	18	4	
50	2	2	6	4	5	0
60	3	6	8	6	13	4

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DUTIES.**

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This is an epoch in the annals of Coffee which is likely, at no  
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Date of Policy.	Sum Insured.	Original Premium.	Bonuses added subsequently, to be further increased annually.
1806	2500	79 10 10 Extinguished.	1222 2 0
1811	1000	33 19 2 ditto	231 17 8
1818	1000	34 16 10 ditto	114 18 10

Examples of Bonuses added to other Policies.

Policy No.	Date.	Sum Insured.	Bonuses added.	Total with additions, to be further increased.
521	1807	900	982 12 1	1882 12 1
1174	1810	1200	1160 5 6	2360 5 6
3392	1820	5000	3558 17 8	8558 17 8

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United Kingdom, at the City Branch, and at the head Office, No.  
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connected with Life Assurance. The Premiums are moderate, and  
may be paid quarterly, half-yearly, or otherwise.

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extra premium; also, with some limit, in North America, (not  
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the Company are appropriated to parties who have been assured  
on the profit scale for three clear years.

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Leasehold Property of adequate value, of Life Interests Rever-  
sions, and other legally assignable property or income. Great  
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**MESSRS. S. LEIGH SOTHEBY and JOHN WILKINSON**, Auctioneers of literary property and works illustrative of the fine arts, will SELL BY AUCTION, at their House, Wellington Street, Strand, on Monday, June 23, and following days, the FIFTH PORTION of the extensive, singularly curious, and valuable LIBRARY of Thomas Jolley, Esq., F.S.A., comprising the first division of works illustrative of English history, early works on America, voyages and travels, rare old poetry, early dramatic works, early English theology, controversial tracts, &c., including the *Worldes Hydrographical Description*, by Davis, 1595; *Relacion del Viage a la America*, par Antonio Juan de Ulloa, 1595; *Image of both Churches*, by Bancroft's Book of Epigrams, rare; the *Regimente of Health*, by Boorde, 1562; *Croniques d'Angleterre et Bretaigne*, par Bouchard, 1531; *Rare Works of Nicholas Breton*, Brewer, Dekker, Greene, Petri Carneiani Carmen, printed on vellum by Pynson; *Ciceron on Old Age*, printed by Caxton, very rare; *Bishop Burnett's Collection of Papers*, 12 parts, complete, and very rare; an interesting and matchless Collection of the Original Tracts published on Execution of Charles I., and Oliver Cromwell; *Beautiful Blossomes*, by Bishop; the *Hurt of Sedition*, by Sir John Cheke; *Churchyard's Chippes*, 1575; early editions of the Common Prayer and Works relating to the Liturgy; *Archbishop Cranmer's Defence of the Sacraments*, 1550; a *Confutation of Verities*, by Cranmer, very rare, n. d.; *Evere Woman in Her Humour*, a very rare comedy, 1609; *Rare and Early Works of Erasmus*; *The Forest*, or Collection of Histories, by Fortescue; the *Chronicles of Fabian and Froissart*; the *Tryall of Travell*, by Goodall; the *Ephemrides of Phialo*, by Gosson; the *Voyages of Hakluyt*, with the Voyage of Drake to Cadiz, with numerous manuscript notes by one of the early Members of the Company of Merchants Adventurers, with rare map; and many other rare and interesting volumes, printed in black letter, together with some very interesting autographs and authors' assignments, including those of Fielding, Thomson, Pope, Young, &c.

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**MESSRS. S. LEIGH SOTHEBY and JOHN WILKINSON**, Auctioneers of literary property and the fine arts, will SELL BY AUCTION, at their House, Wellington Street, Strand, on Wednesday, July 2, and six following days (Sunday excepted), the principal PORTION of the valuable LIBRARY of the late Dr. Penrose, of Writtle, near Chelmsford, Essex, particularly rich in books on the fine arts and those illustrated with engravings, as the *Galleries at Berlin*, *Comte de Brühl*, *M. de Brun*, *Duc d'Orléans*, *Stafford*, *Wilkie*, *Vernon* and *Lord Western*; a large paper copy of the *Musée de France*, 11 vols. 4to, proofs; a rare series of the Catalogues of the Royal Academy, from 1769 to 1849, illustrated with 150 portraits, autographs, &c.; a volume containing nearly 150 etchings by persons of quality, from the *Strawberry-hill collection*, with other volumes of etchings by old masters, albums and scrapbooks, with drawings by Wilkie, Calcott, &c.; *Watt, Bibliotheca Britannica*, 4 vols.; *Biographie Universelle*, 79 vols.; *Chalmers's Biographical Dictionary*, 32 vols.; *Gibson's Preservative against Popery*, 18 vols.; *Smith's Catalogue of the Works of the Dutch, Flemish, and French Painters*, 9 vols.; together with the pictorial or architectural Works of Dr. Dibdin, John Barnet, J. Dallaway, J. D. Hardinge, Hogarth, &c.; *Murphy's Arabian Antiquities of Spain*, atlas folio; *Rossini's Storia della Pittura Italiana*, 8 vols.; *Espana Artistica y Monumental*, 2 vols. folio; the *Picturesque Voyages of St. Non*, Baron Taylor, Choiseul-Gouffier, &c.; *Cicognara, Storia della Scultura*, 3 vols.; and numerous works on the arts of painting, sculpture, and engraving; a few rare and interesting volumes, privately printed works, &c. Catalogues may be had, if in the country, on receipt of six postage stamps.

London: Printed by LOVELL REEVE, of No. 5, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, in the county of Middlesex (at the office of Messrs. SAVILL and EDWARDS, No. 4, Chandos Street, Covent Garden, aforesaid), and published by him at the office of Messrs. REEVE and BENHAM, No. 5, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, —Saturday, May 31, 1851.